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STANDARD III.

PART FIRST.

THE FATAL QUARREL OF SAUCER, MUG, AND SPOON.

[*Spell and write*]

heavier, angry, enough, laughing, afterwards, capered, pieces, punished, imprisoned, custody, medicine, contented, pitied, stripling, geranium.

One morning at breakfast-time, Saucer, Mug, and Spoon began talking to each other, and at last got so angry, that they made young Bob (who was

eating his bread and butter) laugh fit to split his sides.

'Look here,' said the Saucer, 'I am the most ill-used party in the whole world. You, great ugly Mug, ride on the top of me all breakfast-time; and when you think I have not enough to put up with, down you slop some scalding tea upon me, or else clatter the spoon on my poor sides.'

'*You* ill-used!' roared the Mug. 'Great lazy fellow, you have nothing to do but to help to keep the table-cloth clean! Now, I am to be pitied indeed, for I am filled to the brim with hot tea; and, as if that were not enough, I am always being stirred up by this long stripling of a spoon until I hardly know whether I am on my head or my heels.'

'Well,' said the Spoon, 'you both make a great fuss about nothing. I have all the work to do after all. I fetch the sugar out of the basin and mix it up afterwards, until I am quite giddy with turning round; and when I do get a sip for myself, it is taken out of my lips in a moment by that great stupid boy, who is laughing at us now, I can see.'

So they went on, and jumped and capered about as if they had taken leave of their senses.

They went out into the lane to talk it quietly over, but it was no good; for coming back through the garden, they began afresh at the bottom of the steps, and from words they soon came to blows. The Spoon hit the Saucer in the ribs, and knocked a piece right out of him. The Mug ran at the Spoon, and twisted him up in a moment; but over-reaching

himself, fell backwards on to the stone steps, breaking into five pieces, and that was the end of the quarrel. Well punished for their bad tempers they were: the Saucer was imprisoned for life under a great geranium pot twenty times heavier than the little Mug; Mug, in five pieces, was thrown upon the dust-heap, and never heard of any more; while Spoon, just as he was thinking how nicely he had got off, was taken into custody by two doctor's bottles, and used for medicine ever after, I believe.

'What a silly lot,' said little Polly, 'to be sure! they shew how good it is to be contented. I will be always contented, if I can; but I am sure I shall never see my Saucer, Mug, and Spoon without laughing at them.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The three were angry with one another, and the end of the quarrel was that one was imprisoned, and all were punished because they were not contented.

HOW HARRY BECAME A MAN.

[*Spell and write*]

merchant, invited, comforts, arrived, received, allowed, obliged.

Harry was seven years of age when his father and mother went to live in the country. They had been rich people, but now they had lost almost everything. Harry was an only child, and had been rather spoiled. He had always had servants to wait upon him, which made him very helpless. His

father had been a merchant; but now when he had become poor, he was obliged to seek some situation, that he might earn bread for himself, and wife, and child. His brother was a farmer, and lived in the country about twenty miles off. He had not often gone to town to see the merchant, because he did not think it would give him much pleasure to see a plain man such as he was; besides, he could see that his brother lived as if he were a very rich man, and he knew that he was not so rich as he seemed to be. But now, when his brother was poor and in trouble, he invited him to bring his wife and child to the country, to share the comforts of his plain home. Harry was very sorry when he saw all their nice things taken away, one after another; even his large rocking-horse was sold. He was still more sorry when he was told that he must part with his dear old nurse, who had been always with him. Then came the journey in the train, which pleased Harry very much, and made him forget his troubles.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at the uncle's house. They were received very kindly; and as Harry was hungry, he liked his supper very much. The room in which they took it was a very plain one, and there was no carpet, which Harry thought strange indeed. 'There are two play-fellows for you,' said his uncle, bringing his two sons to Harry. One of them was eleven years old; his name was John. Charlie, the younger, was only six years of age, and they both looked kind and happy.

'Now, Harry,' said his aunt, 'I will take you to your bedroom. You see our house is small, and you boys will have to share the same room.'

Harry's mamma had hoped he might have been allowed to sleep in her own room, but she did not like to say anything against the rules of the house. Harry was so sleepy, that he was nearly crying. His cousins thought the poor boy was sorry at leaving his home, and were very kind to him. They even helped him to undress, when they saw how sleepy he looked, but they never thought that he did not know how to do it.

[*Write from dictation*]

Harry was obliged to go and live at the farmhouse of his uncle in the country, and when he arrived he was kindly received by his cousins.

HOW HARRY BECAME A MAN—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

presently, thought, really, patience, laughed, puzzled, enough, ashamed, surprised, industrious, independent, porridge.

The next morning John sprang out of his bed at six o'clock. Harry was awake, and looked surprised when his cousin jumped into a tub of cold water.

'Have you no warm water here?' asked Harry.

'Warm water!' cried John; 'do you think I am a baby to wash in warm water?'

Presently Harry said that he thought he would like to get up.

'Very well, why don't you jump up then?' asked John.

'Will you ring the bell for me, please, before I rise?' said Harry.

'The bell?' asked John, 'why the bell won't ring for breakfast before eight o'clock.'

'Oh, I don't mean the breakfast-bell,' said Harry, losing his patience; 'I want you to ring for somebody to dress me.'

John laughed aloud; but when he looked at his cousin Harry, whose eyes were filling with tears, he was sorry, and said: 'I beg your pardon, Harry; I did not mean to laugh at you; but you see we have no bell, and we always put on our clothes ourselves.'

'But Charlie does not dress by himself?' said poor Harry.

'Why of course I do, Cousin Harry,' cried little Charlie, sitting up in bed.

Poor Harry looked very much puzzled, but John said: 'Never mind, Harry; you will soon learn to do everything for yourself here; and until you do, Charlie and I will teach you.'

'Yes, Cousin Harry,' said little Charlie, 'I will teach you how to jump into the water, and how to put on your clothes.'

Poor Harry felt quite ashamed of himself, but his cousins were so kind that they turned all his trouble into fun. His mamma had been quite unhappy about him, and was much surprised when she looked out of the window, to see her little boy taking a riding-lesson on a donkey.

When the bell rung for breakfast, Harry had to learn another lesson. There were three platters of porridge on the table, and Harry had never eaten porridge in his life.

'Why don't you begin?' asked Charlie, when he saw Harry sitting there looking at his plate.

'I will wait until the tea and toast come in,' answered Harry.

'Then you will have to wait until Sunday morning,' said John; 'we only get tea on Sunday, and this is Thursday.'

'Don't you like porridge?' asked Charlie.

'I don't know; I never tasted any.'

'Well, why don't you try? It is very nice.'

Harry did try: his ride and run had made him hungry; and, as Charlie said, it was really very nice.

So in a very short time Harry became a fine manly little fellow, like his cousins. His father had thought it a very hard case at first that he would not be able to lay by any money for his son. His mother had been afraid that her dear boy would lose his health with such food, and going three miles to a school. But, no; the dear boy grew rosy and strong; and when he had become a man, he often used to say, that he was very thankful God had put him in the right way to become industrious and independent.

[*Write from dictation*]

Harry was at first vexed and ashamed; but presently, with thought and patience, he learned to take care of himself, and was afterwards surprised to think how puzzled he had been at first.

ALONE IN THE DARK.

[*Spell and write*]
glimmer, frightened, wrapped, meadow.

1.
She has taken out the candle,
She has left me in the dark;
From the window not a glimmer,
From the fireplace not a spark.

2.
I am frightened as I 'm lying
All alone here in my bed,
And I 've wrapped the clothes as closely
As I can around my head.

3.
There are birds out on the bushes,
In the meadow lies the lamb.
How I wonder if they 're ever
Half as frightened as I am.

4.
Yet I know there 's One who seeth,
In the night as in the day,
For to Him the darkness dreary,
Is as bright as noontide ray.

5.
Then I 'll turn and sleep more soundly
When one little prayer I 've prayed,
For there 's nothing in the darkness,
That should make a child afraid.

[*Write from dictation the third verse.*]

THE THREE CAKES.

[*Spell and write*]

currants, patience, school-fellow, obliged, appetite, declared, covered, several, vexation, suffering, enjoyed, battledore, greediness.

There was once a little boy called Henry, and his father and mother sent him to school. Henry was a good little boy, and liked learning his lessons very much, so that he rose to be first in his class. When his mother heard of it, she was much pleased, and she said to the cook: 'Jane, you must please make a cake for Henry, he has been such a good boy at his lessons.' Jane said: 'Yes, ma'am, with all my heart;' and she made him a large cake as large as my hat. She put

plums, and currants, and candy in it, and she covered it over with sugar, so that it was as white as snow, like the cakes you see in the shop-windows in England on Twelfth-day.

The cake was baked, and Jane took it to the school herself. When little Henry saw it, he began to dance, and clapped his hands for joy. He had not patience to wait for a knife, but began to gnaw it like a little dog. He ate till the bell rang for school, and when the school-time was over, he began eating again, and he ate more in the evening till he went to bed. One of his school-fellows told me that he even put it under his pillow, and woke up several times to nibble it. I can scarcely believe it, but it is quite certain that he began the next morning, and went on eating until there was not a crumb left of all that large cake. When dinner-time came, Henry had no appetite, and saw with envy how the other children enjoyed their dinner. It was worse still when play-time came. The boys asked him to join them at ball, and leap-frog, and battledore, but he had no wish to play, and his playmates played without him, to his great vexation. He sat sulking in a corner, and every one said: 'What is the matter with Henry? He used to be so merry, and so fond of jumping and running, and now see how sad and pale and low he looks!' The master himself came, and was sorry to see him. He asked what ailed him, but Henry would not confess. At

last it was found out that his mamma had sent him a large cake, and he had eaten it all up, and was suffering for his greediness. The doctor was sent for, and he was made to swallow I know not how many doses, each more nasty than the others. Poor Henry found them very bad, but he was obliged to take them, or he might have died. After some days, during which he suffered much pain, he was well again, but his mother declared she would never make him any more cakes.

[*Write from dictation*]

He enjoyed his cake without sharing it with his schoolfellows, but his suffering and vexation afterwards punished him for his greedy appetite.

THE THREE CAKES—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

pleasure, happened, obliged, arranged, forgotten, mouldy, arrived, portions, trickling, replied, returned, stretching.

In the same school with Henry, was another boy named Frank. Frank wrote a very nice letter to his mother—there was not a single blot in it. His mother, as a reward, sent him also a cake the very next week. Frank said to himself: 'I will not make myself ill as that silly Henry did; I will make my pleasure last longer.' He took the cake, which was very heavy, and shut it in his box. Every day at play-time he went off by

himself to his own room, cut a piece of cake, and locked up the rest. He went on in this way to the end of the week, and only half the cake was gone, it was such a large one—but what happened? The cake grew dry and mouldy; some mice found their way through a hole into the box, and took their share. What was left was good for nothing, and Frank was obliged to throw it away, crying as he did so, but no one was sorry for him.

There was another boy in the same school whose name was Arthur. His mother sent him a cake one day because he loved her so much, and she loved him still more. When it arrived, he called his school-fellows around him: 'Come and see what mamma has sent me,' said he; 'you must all have a piece.' They did not wait to be asked twice, but swarmed round the cake like bees round a full-blown flower. Arthur had armed himself with a knife. He cut part of the cake into as many portions as he had little friends. Then he arranged them in a circle, that no one might be forgotten, and gave each a share. Then he took the rest, and said: 'This is my share, I shall eat it to-morrow.' A quarter of an hour afterwards, there came into the court a poor old man, with his fiddle. He had a long white beard, and as he was blind, a little dog led him by a string. When the old man had sat down on a stone, hearing the children round him, he said: 'My little friends, I will play you one of my prettiest tunes if you like.' The children said they would all like it

very much, and he began playing them merry old tunes. But Arthur saw that while he played, a large tear was trickling down his cheek, and he said to him: 'Good old man, why do you cry?' The old man replied: 'Because I am hungry; I have no one to take care of me, or give me food. If I could work, I and my dog could live well, but I have lost my eyesight, and my strength, and to-day I have eaten nothing.' Arthur cried as he heard the old man. Then he went away without saying anything, and ran to fetch the rest of the cake which he had kept beside him. He returned full of joy, crying out: 'Here, old man, here is some cake.' 'Where is it?' said the old man, stretching out his hand, 'for I cannot see it—I am blind.' Arthur put the cake in his hand, and the poor man laid his fiddle on the ground, wiped his eyes, and began to eat. For every morsel he put into his mouth, he put a piece into that of his faithful dog, and Arthur stood by smiling with delight as he watched them.

Now, which of these three boys had most pleasure in his cake, do you think?

[*Write from dictation*]

When Frank's cake arrived, he kept it till it was mouldy, but Arthur arranged his school-fellows in a circle, and gave to each a portion. He obliged the old fiddler too, and in this way had more pleasure than the others.

NEIGH AND BRAY.

[*Spell and write*]

donkey, suppose, thought, altogether, behaviour, curious, arranged, stubborn, earnest, agreed.

Neddy was a donkey, but then he was a very fine one, and he thought to himself one morning, 'I really cannot be such a donkey as people say. Suppose that it should turn out that I am a horse!' He kept on saying to himself, 'Perhaps I am a horse,' until at last he came to believe it.

First of all he sent for the barber, and had his hair cut, that he might look smooth and shiny, as all good horses should. Then he went to school to learn 'Horse,' and altogether kept so much on his good-behaviour, that all round about they began to think, perhaps he was a horse, although a curious one to look at.

So they said to him one fine day: 'We really think you are a horse; but if you are, you can do two things—you can run a race, and sing a song.'

Neddy agreed both to run the race and sing the song.

Off he went to the race-course, where all was arranged; but, behold you! when the word was given to start, he was only a donkey after all; for donkeys, you know, are stubborn, and cannot run a race. There he stood with his silly head between his silly legs, just like a great Neddy as he was; but——

'Come,' said they at last, 'if you cannot run, perhaps you can sing.'

'Oh, yes, I can sing!' he replied. So he dressed himself in fine blue ribbons, put on a new silk tie, and a clean collar; he opened his music-book; he opened his mouth; he lifted up his head, and what do you think he sang? Do you expect to hear that he sang 'Neigh!' If you do, you are wrong, for he only sung 'Bray!' and he sang that so loud and long that they knew him for a downright donkey ever after.

'My dears,' said father, 'there are a great many Neddies about; but I 'm afraid that most of them think they are anything but donkeys, even though they can't sing a note.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The donkey who put himself to school, and also put himself on his good-behaviour, could never pass for a horse, although he tried very hard.

THE FAIRY RING—*A Song.*

[*Spell and write*]

merry, seasons, circle, sphere, autumn, tresses, dancing.

1.

Let us dance and let us sing,
Dancing in a merry ring;
We 'll be fairies on the green,
Sporting round the fairy queen.
Like the seasons of the year
Round the circle in a sphere;
I 'll be summer, you 'll be spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

2.

Spring and summer glide away,
Autumn comes with tresses gay;
Winter, hand-in-hand with spring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.
Faster, faster round we go,
While our cheeks with roses glow,
Free as birds upon the wing,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

PETER AND THE EGGS.

[*Spell and write*]

debt, neighbour, bargain, minute, knocked, replied, potatoes, honesty, chickens, policy.

Peter owed some money to his neighbour Lucas, and as he was very poor, he asked him to take his

four hens, all he had, in payment of the debt. Lucas was quite willing, for he had no fowls, and he knew the bargain was a fair one on both sides. On the same day, therefore, the fowls were taken to Lucas's yard; but as they were not shut up, they found their way back to Peter's yard, and laid their eggs in the old hen-house. Peter's little boy, William, who was about seven years old, hearing the noise of the fowls, ran and felt in the straw, and found the eggs. 'Ha, ha,' said he to himself, 'here are nice fresh eggs; mother will be glad of them when she comes home; she will cook them for our supper. And yet,' he said to himself a minute after, 'these eggs cannot be ours; they must belong to Lucas: since the fowls are his, the eggs must be his too. I had better take them to him at once.' He set off, and knocked at Lucas's door. 'Here, neighbour,' said he, 'I have brought you the eggs your fowls have been laying in our hen-house.'

'And who sent you with them?' asked Lucas.

'No one,' replied William.

'What! you brought them of your own accord?'

'Yes I did,' said William; 'for I thought if I waited till my father came home, you might have missed your fowls, and have come to seek them.'

'Thank you, my boy,' said Lucas, and William went home, and had only potatoes for supper; but he said to himself: 'Our own potatoes are better than other people's eggs.'

Months had gone by, and William had forgotten all about the eggs, when one day Lucas came to the

house with a basket in his hand. He called William, and said: 'Look in this basket.' William looked in, and saw four chickens, just big enough to leave the hen. 'O the dear little chickens!' he cried; 'are they the children of my pretty hens?'

'Yes they are, William,' said Lucas; 'and I have brought them for you: they are your own. When you brought me back those eggs, you did what was honest and right; but I said to myself: He is a little boy, and I must take care to teach him at once that honesty is the best policy as well as the right thing. So here are the first four chickens our hens have hatched, and if you take care of them, they will soon supply you with eggs.' William thanked him very much, and oh how glad he was when he carried his mother a new egg laid by his own hen in his own hen-house.

[*Write from dictation*]

A neighbour made a bargain with Peter, who said he would pay him in potatoes, to which the neighbour agreed.

Honesty is the best policy.

CHILD'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

[*Spell and write*]

delight, lambkins, merrily, daisy, flower, butterfly, flutter, building, ought.

I.

I 'm very glad the spring has come; the sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight;

The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambkins sport and play;
And I skip and sport about as merrily as they.

2.

I like to see the daisy and the butter-cups once more,
The primrose and the cowslip too, and every pretty flower;
I like to see the butterfly flutter her painted wing;
And all things seem just like myself, so pleased to see the spring.

3.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up on high;
The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts into the sky;
The rooks are building up their nests upon the great tall tree;
And everything 's as busy and as happy as can be.

4.

There 's not a cloud upon the sky—there 's nothing dark or sad;
I jump and scarce know what to do, I feel so very glad.
God must be very good indeed, Who made each pretty thing;
I 'm sure we ought to love Him much for bringing back the spring.

[*Write from dictation the third verse.*]

HANS IN LUCK.

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

faithful, handsome, handkerchief, capital, carrying, delighted, shepherd, lazily, certainty, leathern, managing, troublesome, happened, sausages, misfortunes, companion, clumsily.

Some men are born to good-luck; all they do or try to do comes right; all that falls to them is so much gain; all their geese are swans; all their cards are trumps; toss them which way you will, they will always, like poor puss, alight upon their

legs, and only move on so much the faster. The world may very likely not always think of them as they think of themselves, but what care they for the world? What can it know about the matter?

One of these lucky neighbours was neighbour Hans. Seven long years he had worked hard for his master. At last he said: 'Master, my time is up; I must go home and see my poor mother once more; so pray pay me my wages, and let me go.'

And the master said: 'You have been a faithful and good servant, Hans, so your pay shall be handsome.' Then he gave him a lump of silver as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off on his road homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting gaily along on a capital horse. 'Ah,' said Hans aloud, 'what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! There he sits as easy and happy as if he was at home in the chair by his fireside; he trips against no stones, saves shoe-leather, and gets on he hardly knows how.'

Hans did not speak so softly but that the horseman heard it all, and said: 'Well, friend, why do you go on foot then?'

'Ah,' said he, 'I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and you must know it hurts my shoulder sadly.'

'What do you say of making an exchange?' said

the horseman. 'I will give you the horse, and you shall give me the silver, and that will save you a great deal of trouble in carrying such a heavy load about with you.'

'With all my heart,' said Hans; 'but as you are so kind to me, I must tell you one thing: you will find it a weary task to carry that silver about with you.'

However, the horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into one hand and the whip into the other, and said: 'When you want to go very fast, smack your lips loudly together, and cry: "Hip!"'

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, drew himself up, squared his elbows, turned out his toes, cracked his whip, and rode merrily off, one minute whistling a merry tune, and another singing·

No care and no sorrow,
A fig for the morrow,
We'll laugh and be merry,
Sing heigh down, derry.

HANS IN LUCK—*continued.*

After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried: 'Hip.' Away went the horse full gallop, and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay on his back by the roadside. His horse would have run away, if a shepherd who was coming

by driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again, sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd: 'This riding is no joke when a man has the luck to get upon a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if it would break his neck. However, I 'm off now once for all. I like your cow now a great deal better than this smart beast that played me this trick, and has spoiled my best coat, you see, in this puddle, which, by the by, smells not very like a nosegay. One can walk along at one's leisure beside that cow, keep good company, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a prize?'

'Well,' said the shepherd, 'if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse; I like to do good to my neighbours, even though I lose by it myself.'

'Done,' said Hans merrily. 'What a noble heart that good man has!' thought he. Then the shepherd jumped upon the horse, wished Hans and the cow good-morning, and away he rode.

Hans brushed his coat, wiped his face and hands, rested awhile, and then drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. 'If I have only a piece of bread—and I certainly shall always be able to get that—I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and my cheese with it, and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk; and what can I wish for more?' When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave

away his last penny for a glass of beer. When he had rested himself, he set off again, driving his cow towards his mother's village. But the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last, when he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. 'I can find a cure for this,' thought he; 'now will I milk my cow, and quench my thirst.' So he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had. Who would have thought that this cow, which was to bring him milk, and butter, and cheese, was all the time utterly dry? Hans had not thought of looking to that.

While he was trying his luck in milking, and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast began to think him very troublesome, and at last gave him such a kick on the head as knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily, a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheel-barrow. 'What is the matter with you, my man?' said the butcher, as he helped him up.

Hans told him what had happened—how he was dry, and wanted to milk his cow, but found that the cow was dry too. Then the butcher gave him a flask of ale, saying: 'There—drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk; don't you see she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house?'

'Alas, alas!' said Hans, 'who would have thought

it? What a shame to take my horse, and give me only a dry cow! If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef; it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig, now, like that fat gentleman you are driving along at his ease, one could do something with it; it would at any rate make sausages.'

'Well,' said the butcher, 'I don't like to say "no" when one is asked to do a kind, neighbourly thing. To please you, I will change, and give you my fine fat pig for the cow.'

'Heaven reward you for your kindness and self-denial!' said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and taking the pig off the wheel-barrow, drove it away, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure, but he was now well repaid for all. How could it be otherwise with such a travelling companion as he had found at last?

[*Write from dictation*]

I met a faithful shepherd carrying a lamb which had met with a misfortune. He had a leathern coat on, and had tied a handkerchief round the bleeding head of the lamb. The lamb was a troublesome companion.

HANS IN LUCK—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

countryman, christening, weighed, dreadfully, frightened, beautiful, really, favour, carefully, plague, troubles.

The next man he met was a countryman

carrying a fine white goose. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock. This led to further chat; and Hans told him all his luck—how he had made so many good bargains, and how all the world went gay and smiling with him. The countryman then began to tell his tale, and said he was going to take the goose to a christening. 'Feel,' said he, 'how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it, will find it very fat, it has lived so well.'

'You're right,' said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; 'but if you talk of fat, my pig is no trifle.'

Meantime, the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. 'Hark ye,' said he, 'my worthy friend, you seem a good sort of a fellow, so I can't help doing you a kind turn. Your pig may get you into a scrape. In the village I just came from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig. If you have, and they catch you, it will be a bad job for you; the least they'll do will be to throw you into the horse-pond. Can you swim?'

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. 'Good man,' cried he, 'pray get me out of this scrape. I know nothing of where the pig was either bred or born, but he may have been the squire's for aught I can tell. You know this country better than I do; take my pig, and give me the goose.'

'I ought to have something into the bargain,' said the countryman. 'Give a fat goose for a pig,

indeed! 'tis not every one would do so much for you as that. However, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble.' Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side-path, while Hans went on the way homewards with the goose, free from care.

'After all,' thought he, 'that chap is pretty well taken in. I don't care whose pig it is; but wherever it came from, it has been a very good friend to me. I have much the best of the bargain. First, there will be a capital roast; then the fat will keep me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be! Talk of a pig, indeed! give me a fine fat goose.'

As he came to the next village, he saw a scissor-grinder with his wheel working and singing:

'O'er hill and o'er dale
So happy I roam,
Work light and live well;
All the world is my home.
Then who so blithe, so merry as I?'

Hans stood looking on for a while, and at last said: 'You must be well off, Master Grinder, you seem so happy at your work.'

'Yes,' said the other, 'mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand into his pocket without finding money in it. But where did you buy that beautiful goose?'

'I did not buy it; I gave a pig for it.'

'And where did you get the pig?'

'I gave a cow for it.'

'And the cow?'

I gave a horse for it.'

'And the horse?'

'I gave a lump of silver as big as my head for him.'

'And the silver?'

'Oh, I worked hard for that seven long years.'

'You have thriven well in the world hitherto,' said the grinder. 'Now, if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand in it, your fortune would be made.'

'Very true; but how is that to be managed?'

'How? Why, you must turn grinder like me, to be sure,' said the other. 'You only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is but little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it. Will you buy?'

'How can you ask?' said Hans. 'I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket. What could I want more? There's the goose!'

'Now,' said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, 'this is a most capital stone; do but work it well enough, and you can make an old nail cut with it.'

Hans took the stone, and went his way with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he

said to himself: 'Surely I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything I could want or wish for comes of itself. People are so kind, they seem really to think I do them a favour in letting them make me rich, and giving me good bargains.'

Meantime, he began to be tired and hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow.

At last he could go no further, for the stone tired him sadly, and he dragged himself to the side of a river, that he might take a drink of water, and rest a while. So he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank; but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it rolled plump into the stream.

For a while he watched it sinking in the deep, clear water, then sprang up and danced for joy, to think he was free from his only plague—the ugly, heavy stone.

'How happy am I,' cried he; 'nobody was ever so lucky as I.' Then up he got with a light heart free from all his troubles, and walked on till he reached his mother's house, and told her how very easy the road to good-luck was.

[*Write from dictation*]

A countryman going to a christening, had a beautiful goose, which he exchanged for Hans' fat pig, having first dreadfully frightened the foolish man, who next became the easy prey of a scissor-grinder.

THE LOST DOLL.

[*Write and spell*]

prettiest, charmingly, terribly, trodden.

1.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears—
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

2.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

[*Write from dictation the four lines beginning, 'But I lost.'*]

JACK'S DOG, BANDY.

[*Spell and write*]

forest, money, suffer, usual, answered, another, already, buried, uplifted, people, faithful, ordered.

In a large forest in France there lived a poor woodman, whose name was Jack. He made little money by the sale of his faggots, but enough to support himself, his wife Jenny, and their two children. The eldest child was a boy, with dark hair, seven years old, called Jean, and the second was a fair-haired girl, called Jeanette.

They had also a curly dog, black, with a white nose, the best dog in all the country, because he

loved his master so much, and this dog was called Bandy.

When the snow lies deep in the forest, the wolves that live in its depths grow very hungry and fierce, and come out to look for food. The poor people also suffer much in the time of deep snow, for they cannot get work.

Jack did not fear the wolves when he had his good axe in hand, and went every day to his work. In the morning he said to Jenny: 'Wife, pray do not let Jean and Jeanette run out to play until the wolves have been hunted. It would not be safe. Keep Bandy in too.'

Every morning Jack said the same thing to Jenny, and all went well till one evening he did not come home at the usual time. Jenny went to the door, looked out, came in, then went back, and looked out again. 'How very late he is!' she said to herself.

Then she went outside, and called her husband —'Jack, Jack!'—no answer. Bandy leaped on her, as if to say: 'Shall I go and look for him?'

'Down, good dog,' said Jenny: 'here, my little Jeanette, run to the gate, and see if your father is coming. You, Jean, go along the road to the end of the garden-paling, and cry loud, 'Father, father!' The children went as their mother told them, but could not see their father. 'I will go and find him,' said little Jean; 'even if the wolves should eat me.'

'So will I,' said his little sister, and off they set towards the forest.

In the meantime their father had come home by another road, leaving a bundle of faggots with a neighbour who had ordered them.

'Did you meet the children?' said Jenny as he came in.

'The children,' said Jack; 'no, indeed; are they out?'

'I sent them to the end of the paling, but you have come by another road.'

Jack did not put down his axe, but he ran as fast as he could to the spot.

'Take Bandy with you,' cried Jenny; but Bandy was off already, and gone so far before, that his master could not see him. In vain the poor father called 'Jean, Jeanette:' no one answered, and his tears began to fall, for he feared his children were lost.

After running on a long, long way, he thought he heard Bandy bark. He went straight into the wood towards the sound, his axe uplifted in his hand.

Bandy had come up to the two children just as a large wolf was going to seize them. He sprang at the wolf, barking loudly, to call his master. Jack, with one blow of his good axe, killed the great fierce beast; but it was too late to save poor Bandy—he was dead already, the wolf had killed him.

The father and two children went back to Jenny,

full of joy that they were all safe, and yet they could not help crying, they were so sorry that good faithful Bandy was dead. They buried him at the bottom of the garden, and put a large stone over him, on which the schoolmaster wrote in Latin—

Beneath this stone there lies at rest
Bandy—of all good dogs the best.

Bandy is not yet forgotten in that part of the country, for when any one is very true, and brave, and faithful, the people always say of him: 'He is as brave and faithful as Jack's dog, Bandy.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The faithful Bandy was not soon forgotten by the people who dwelt near the forest, and the schoolmaster wrote two lines in Latin on the stone, which was placed over the spot where he was buried.

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

1.

You 'll not learn your lesson by crying, my man,
You 'll never come at it by crying, my man,
Not a word can you spy
For the tear in your eye,
So, just set your heart to it as brave as you can.

2.

If you like your lesson, it 's sure to like you,
The words, then, so glibly would jump to your mou';*

* Scotch for mouth.

Each to its place
All the others would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

3.

Oh, who would be counted a dunce on a stool?
To gape like a gaby, or cry like a fool;
Afraid for his turn
Lest his dull ears should burn,
And be laughed at by all the small boys in the school.

4.

You may cry till you cry yourself stupid and blind,
And then not a word will remain in your mind;
But cheer up your heart,
And you 'll soon know your part,
For all things come easy with courage behind.

[*Write from dictation the first verse.*]

WELL DONE, AND ILL PAID.

[*Spell and write*]

untied, fuel, homewards, pretend, rattled, wether, weather.

Once on a time, there was a man who had to drive his sledge to the wood for fuel. So a bear met him.

'Out with your horse,' said the bear, 'or I 'll strike all your sheep dead before the summer.'

'Oh dear,' said the man, 'there is not a stick of firewood in the house; you must let me drive home a load of fuel, else we shall be frozen to death. I 'll bring the horse to you to-morrow morning.'

Yes; on these terms he might drive the wood home; that was a bargain. But Bruin said: 'If you don't come back, you shall lose all your sheep by summer.'

So the man got the wood on the sledge, and rattled homewards, but he wasn't pleased at the bargain, as you may fancy. So just then a fox met him.

'Why, what is the matter?' said the fox; 'why are you so down in the mouth?'

'Oh if you want to know,' said the man, 'I met a bear up yonder in the wood; and I had to give my word to him to bring Dobbin back to-morrow at this very hour; for if he didn't get him, he said he would tear all my sheep to death by summer.'

'Stuff; nothing worse than that!' said the fox; 'if you 'll give me your fattest wether, I 'll soon set you free; see if I don't.'

Yes; the man gave his word, and swore he would keep it too.

'Well, when you come with Dobbin to-morrow for the bear,' said the fox, 'I 'll make a clatter up in that heap of stones yonder; and so when the bear asks what that noise is, you must say: "'Tis Peter the marksman, who is the best shot in the world;" and after that you must help yourself.'

Next day off set the man, and when he met the bear, something began to make a clatter up in the heap of stones.

'Hist! what 's that?' said the bear.

'Oh, that 's Peter the marksman, to be sure,' said

the man; 'he is the best shot in the world. I know him by his voice.'

'Have you seen any bears about here?' shouted out a voice from the wood.

'Say no!' said the bear.

'No, I haven't seen any,' said the man.

'What 's that, then, that stands alongside your sledge?' bawled out the voice in the wood.

'Say it 's an old fir-stump,' said the bear.

'Oh, it 's only an old fir-stump,' said the man.

'Such fir-stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledges,' bawled out the voice. 'If you can't do it yourself, I 'll come and help you.'

'Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on the sledge,' said the bear.

'No, thank ye, I can help myself well enough,' said the man, and rolled the bear on to the sledge.

'Such fir-stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world,' bawled out the voice. 'Shall I come and help you?'

'Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast, do,' said the bear.

'No, thanks, I can help myself well enough,' said the man, who set to binding Bruin fast with all the ropes he had, so that at last the bear could not stir a paw.

'Such fir-stumps we always drive our axes into in our part of the world,' bawled out the voice, 'for then we guide them better going down the steep pitches.'

'*Pretend* to drive your axe into me, do now!' said the bear.

Then the man took up his axe, and at one blow split the bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice, and so the man and the fox were great friends and on the best terms. But when they came near the farm, the fox said:

'I 've no mind to go right home with you, for I can't say I like your tykes;* so I 'll just wait here, and you can bring the wether to me; but mind and pick out one nice and fat.'

Yes, the man would be sure to do that, and thanked the fox much for his help. So when he had put up Dobbin, he went across to the sheep-stall.

'Whither away now?' asked his old dame.

'Oh,' said the man, 'I 'm only going to the sheep-stall to fetch a fat wether for that cunning fox, who set our Dobbin free. I gave him my word I would.'

'Wether, indeed!' said the old dame; 'never a one shall that thief of a fox get. Haven't we got Dobbin safe, and the bear into the bargain? and as for the fox, I 'll be bound he has stolen more of our geese than the wether is worth; and even if he hasn't stolen them, he will. No, no; take a brace of your swiftest hounds in a sack, and slip them loose after him; and then, perhaps, we shall be rid of this robbing Reynard.'

Well, the man thought that good advice; so he took two fleet red hounds, put them into a sack, and set off with them.

* Dogs.

'Have you brought the wether?' said the fox.

'Yes, come and take it,' said the man as he untied the sack, and let slip the hounds.

'HUF!' said the fox, and gave a great spring; 'true it is what the old proverb says: "Well done is often ill paid."' That was what the fox said as he ran off, and saw the red fox-hounds at his heels.

From DASENT'S *Tales from the Norse.*

[*Write from dictation*]

'Such fir-stumps we always drive our axes into in our part of the world,' bawled out the voice, 'for then we guide them better going down the steep pitches.' So said the fox, expecting a wether for his pains, but he found out the truth of the proverb, 'Well done is often ill paid.'

GOD CARES FOR ALL.

1.

Do you know how many stars
  There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
  Every day go floating by?
God the Lord has counted all:
He would miss one should it fall.

2.

Do you know how many flies
  Play about in the warm sun?
How many fishes in the water?
  God has counted every one.
Every one He called by name
When into the world it came.

3.

Do you know how many children
  Go to little beds at night?
Sleeping there so warm and cosy
  Till they wake with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Knows them all, and loves them well.

From the German.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX.

[*Write and spell*]

acquaintance, travel, branches, according, addressed, creatures, rejoiced, sacristan, seized.

A dog and a cock having struck up an acquaintance, went out on their travels together. Nightfall found them in a forest; so the cock, flying up on a tree, perched among the branches, while the dog dozed below at the foot. As the night passed away, and the day dawned, the cock, according to his custom, set up a shrill crowing. A fox, hearing him, and thinking to make a meal of him, came and stood under the tree, and thus addressed him: 'Thou art a good little bird, and most useful to thy fellow-creatures. Come down, then, that we may sing our matins and rejoice together.' The cock replied: 'Go, my good friend,

to the foot of the tree, and call the sacristan to toll the bell.' But as the fox went to call him, the dog jumped up in a moment, and seized the fox, and made an end of him.

[*Write from dictation.*]

A fox addressed a cock on its travels, as it perched on the branch of a tree. He rejoiced in the hope of eating the cock, but the dog, the cock's acquaintance and companion, made an end of him.

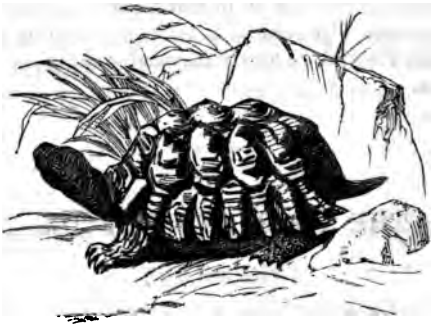
THE FROG AND THE OX.

[*Write and spell*]

swampy, meadow, parcel, escaped, dreadful, estimate, attempting, degree, provoked.

An ox grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped, ran off to his mother with the dreadful news; 'And, oh mother!' said he, 'it was a beast, such a big four-footed beast, that did it.' 'Big!' quoth the old frog; 'how big? Was it as big'—and she puffed herself out to a great degree —'as big as this?' 'Oh!' said the little one; 'a great deal bigger than that.' 'Well, was it so big?' and she swelled herself out yet more. 'Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its

size.' Provoked at such an estimate of her powers, the old frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

[*Spell and write*]

tortoise, laughed, overtake, meanwhile, arrived.

A hare jeered at a tortoise for the slowness of his pace. But he laughed, and said that he would run against her, and beat her, on any day she would name. 'Come on,' said the hare, 'you shall soon see what my feet are made of.' So it was agreed that they should start at once. The tortoise went off jogging along, without a moment's stopping, at his usual steady pace. The hare, treating the whole very lightly, said she would first take a little nap, and that she would soon overtake

the tortoise. Meanwhile the tortoise plodded on, and the hare, oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal, only to see that the tortoise had got in before her.

Slow and steady wins the race.

[*Write from dictation*]

Not far from a swampy meadow I saw a frog attempting to equal an ox in size, and as I laughed at the sight, a tortoise passed, running a race with a hare, and arrived at the goal before it.

SONG OF THE NIGHT-WATCH.

[*Spell and write*]

commandments, obedience, eternal, cultivate, charity.

1.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Ten is tolling from the tower;
Ten commandments God hath sealed,
O may we obedience yield!
All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

2.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Tolls eleven from the tower;
Out of twelve, eleven were true,
O may we prove faithful too!

All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

3.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Twelve is tolling from the tower;
Twelve's the limit—man attend,
Think of thine eternal end.
All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

4.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
One is striking from the tower;
One thing's needful, God of grace!
May we ever seek thy face!
All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

5.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Two is tolling from the tower;
Two ways are before me spread,
Oh may I the narrow tread!
All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

6.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Three is tolling from the tower;
Cultivate the graces three—
Faith, and Hope, and Charity!
All in vain the watchman numbers,
God must watch while Israel slumbers;
By thy mercy and thy might,
Lend us, Lord, a happy night.

7.

Hark ye, neighbours! hear the hour!
Four is tolling from the tower;
Fourfold is the gospel field,
Say, doth thine the good fruit yield?
Up, be watchful! day is dawning!
Softly steals the gleam of morning;
Thank thy God who guards the night,
And who brings the morning light.

[*Write from dictation the first four lines of the last verse.*]

ARITHMETICAL STANDARD.

Multiplication.

239765801 Multiply the same by 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11,
3

79854	8935047	60839714	456754930
20	89	78	6
48962389	56832716	897643	89623746
100	201	472	935
59623897	897632501	6723568972	
1000	4000	5001	

Miscellaneous Exercises.

1. If Tom has 10 apples, Jane 101, Kate 7562, and if Bill takes 9 from each, how many remain?

2. If every inn in England has 6 horses in its stables, and if there are 517 inns, how many horses are there in all? [*Work this first as an addition, and then as a multiplication sum.*]

3. If there are 24 hours in each day, how many hours are there in a week? how many minutes? how many seconds?

4. Each boy has 10 fingers and 10 toes, and there are 128 boys in the class; how many fingers and toes are there altogether? Then, how many toes, and how many fingers?

END OF PART FIRST.

SECOND PART.

THE LITTLE SWISS GIRL.

[*Spell and write*]
beautiful, covered, valleys, buries, wonderful, serious, grieved, noticed, favourite, friend.

There is a very beautiful country called Switzerland. The mountains reach up into the sky, and are covered with ice and snow. When the sun

shines upon the snow, the mountains look more lovely than you can think. Over these high hills there are roads and paths that lead down into the valleys. Sometimes the valleys are so deep down, so very deep, that the houses look quite small. In these valleys the people live, and in summer you could not wish for a more beautiful place; but in winter it is very bleak and cold there, and sometimes the snow comes rolling down in great heaps into the valley, and buries houses and people.

In one of these lovely valleys lived a Swiss peasant with his wife and three children. They were poor people; and when the weather was fine, the mother often went with the father into the field to help him. Her eldest daughter, Lisa, took care of the younger children, as she was not strong enough to work. On fine sunny days, she carried the baby up a hill among the fir-trees, while her little sister toddled by her side. How she loved to sit there looking at the wonderful mountain thousands of feet above her, or down on the beautiful blue lake in the valley! Many strangers go from other lands to see this beautiful country; a great number of them are English. There was one English lady who was not strong enough to take very long rides or drives with her friends, and, like poor Lisa, she often came up the hill into the pretty fir-wood to breathe the fresh air and look at the lovely scene. She had often noticed the pale, serious-looking child, who seemed hardly able to carry the fat baby, and yet looked so friendly and kind. One day she sat down

beside her, and began to speak to her in French, for Lisa could not understand English.

'You don't look strong enough to carry that heavy baby,' said the kind lady. 'Are you not well?'

'I have a pain in my side sometimes—here,' said the child, laying her hand upon her heart.

The lady knew well what that meant, for she often had the same, and when she looked at the poor thin face of little Lisa, she knew that they were both ill of the same disease. She had been for years in a decline, and her friends had brought her from home to try if the change would be good for her. But she knew that she had only a short time to live, and when she saw this poor little girl, she felt very sorry for her. Day after day, this lady came to meet the child; it made her more happy than anything else. Little Lisa could not read, and her kind friend read some simple stories for her. Sometimes she taught her little verses from the Bible, and one or two pretty hymns. At last the time came when this kind lady had to go away; she was quite grieved, and poor Lisa was ready to break her heart. Before she left, she bought her little friend nice warm clothing for the cold winter; but Lisa never needed it: when the cold winter came, the pure white snow covered her little grave. She had no longer to carry the heavy baby. Her kind friend had left money with her parents that Lisa might have every comfort. But she had done more than that; she had made poor Lisa a very

happy child; she had taught her to love J and when Lisa sat on her favourite seat upo hill under the fir-trees, she clasped her wasted hands together, and sang the little hymns her f had taught her. When she saw the setting shining upon the pure white snow, she longed to heaven. Before the cold winter came, she v

[*Write from dictation.*]

I walked through beautiful valleys covered with tre favourite friend was beside me, and I grieved when we part.

A SHIP A-SAILING.

[*Spell and write*]

sailing, laden, twenty, captain, pretty, apples, between, l

1.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me.

2.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

3.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

4.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back:
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried: 'Quack! quack!'

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

THE ASS AND THE LAPDOG.

[*Spell and write*]

belonged, caressing, amusing, favourite, permitted, luxury, fashion, mimicking, interfere, belaboured, satisfied, natural, position, attempting.

There was an ass and a lapdog that belonged to the same master. The ass was tied up in the stable, and had plenty of corn and hay to eat, and was as well off as ass could be. The little dog was always sporting and gamboling about, caressing and fawning upon his master in a thousand amusing ways, so that he became a great favourite, and was permitted to lie in his master's lap. The ass, poor fellow, had enough to do; he was drawing wood all day, and had to take his turn at the mill at night.

But while he grieved over his own lot, it galled him more to see the lapdog living in such ease and luxury. So, thinking that if he acted a like part to his master, he would fare the same, he broke one day from his halter, and rushing into the hall, began to kick and prance about in the strangest fashion; then swishing his tail, and mimicking the frolics of the favourite, he upset the table where his master was at dinner, breaking it in two, and smashing all the crockery; nor would he leave off till he had jumped upon his master, and pawed him with his rough-shod feet. The servants, seeing their master in no little danger, thought it was now high time to interfere, and having released him from the ass's caresses, they so belaboured the silly creature with sticks and staves, that he never got up again; and as he breathed his last, exclaimed: 'Why could not I have been satisfied with my natural position, without attempting, by tricks and grimaces, to imitate one who was but a puppy after all!'

[*Write from dictation*]

A favourite and amusing dog of mine had a strange fashion of attempting to interfere with my work in the garden, and begging for a kind word, and I never could satisfy him with my caresses.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

[*Spell and write*]

violets, primroses, blossoms, feathers, whistled, piteous, distressed.

1.

When fading from our garden beds,
The snow-drops white did pass,
And violets and primroses
Came peeping through the grass.

2.

When blackthorn-bush and cherry-tree,
With blossoms white were dressed,
Then robin-redbreast and his mate
Began to build their nest.

3.

A crevice in the garden-wall
Between the stones there lay,
Whereto they carried bits of stick,
And laid them every way.

4.

About the hedges, moss and wool,
And scraps of hair they found,
And made the inside snug and soft,
And lined it all around.

5.

Such curious things I could not make
With all my thought and care;
The little mother-bird stepped in
And laid her round eggs there.

6.

Then o'er them many days she spread
Her wings of feathers brown;
And many nights she held them warm
Against her breast of down.

7.

Cock-robin sat upon the bough,
And looked so very proud,
And out he puffed his scarlet breast,
And whistled clear and loud.

8.

A little boy his cruel hand
Put in the nest one day,
And stole the pretty spotted eggs,
And carried them away.

9.

The birds flew round and round the pla
And perched and flew again,
With ruffled wing and piteous chirp—
Poor little cock and hen!

10.

But if that careless boy had thought
How cruel was the deed;
How much he pained that pretty pair,
And made their bosoms bleed.

11.

If he had thought how tender hearts
Love every living thing,
And would not hurt the lowest beast
And bird upon the wing;

12.

And how the good and kind can feel
E'en for a bird distressed,
I think he would have left the eggs,
In robin's pretty nest.

[*Write from dictation the ninth verse.*]

THE ANIMALS THAT RAN AWAY.

[*Spell and write*]

animals, consider, tormented, ploughing, quality, appearance, company, resolved.

Once upon a time, in a small island there lived a farmer with a large family of children. Besides the children, he had a horse and a cow, a pig and a donkey, some sheep and a good many fowls. Now, the children fared very well, and were happy enough, but the poor animals had a sad time of it; so it came to pass that, one evening when the day's work was done, the horse called a meeting of all the rest to consider whether they could not better the present state of things. The horse was the best speaker, and he began:

'My dear friends, you all know what sad lives we lead on this island. We work hard most of us, we have but scanty fare, and we are so tormented by these children, that we cannot enjoy what we have. When I come home tired from ploughing all day, instead of letting me graze in peace, they jump on my back, or hunt me round the field. Mrs Cow, will you tell us how you are treated?'

Mrs Cow rose up very slowly; she whisked her long tail first on one side, and then on the other; at last she said in a low, quiet voice:

'My friends, I am too often sorely vexed by these children. I give them, as you know, milk and cream, butter and cheese; and I believe Mr Pig here will agree with me, that my milk is of first-rate quality.'

The pig gave two grunts, as much as to say, 'Hear, hear!' and the donkey turned his long ear downwards, to catch piggie's remark.

'Well,' said the cow, 'it is sad to tell that these silly children, when they are sent to drive me to the field, or to bring me home at milking-time, make me run so fast that, to say the least of it, they risk overheating me and spoiling my milk. I say nothing of their setting the dog at me, and throwing stones to make me run like a horse: I will only say they spoil my milk.'

The donkey, seeing the cow had done, rose to speak, but was stopped by every one calling at once for Mr Pig. The truth is, that piggie was looked upon as a gentleman at ease, seeing that he lived in

a house of his own, had all his food carried to him, and never did any work. Besides, he was thought wise, because he spoke so seldom, whereas Mr Donkey's voice might be heard all over the island many times a day.

'Ugh, ugh!' said piggie, pushing up his long curly tail as high as he could, to give himself a graceful appearance, 'I hate the little monsters. They come to my sty and cry: "Tig, Tig!" That is not my name, but I go, for I think, "Something to eat, perhaps," and my one duty, as you all know, is to eat. I go out to do my duty. Then they pelt me, and poke me with sticks, and laugh when I cry out, "Ugh, ugh!"'

That was the end of piggie's speech.

'Cluck, cluck, cluck!' said the hen; 'piggie says the truth, for I'm sure'——

'Hush, Hennypenny,' said the cock; 'hens should be seen and not heard.'

'Cluck, cluck,' said the hen, 'not heard, indeed! don't I lay eggs, and bring up chickens, and feed them, and'——

But the cock was angry. He flew at her, and pecked her so hard, that she ran away. 'Cock-a-doodle-do; that's the way to do!' cried the cock, and he flapped his wings.

The rest of the company took no notice. They thought it very ill-bred of the cock to behave so to his wife; 'But, then, they are only birds,' they said, 'so no wonder.'

Well, the meeting was a long one, but it came to

an end at last, and what they resolved on you will learn in the next lesson.

[*Write from dictation*]

The animals of the island met to complain of the way in which they were tormented by the children, and resolved to do something to free themselves. They all made a good appearance at the meeting.

THE ANIMALS THAT RAN AWAY—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

vegetable, obliged, agreed, character.

Once a week, a ferry-boat went from the island to the mainland. So the animals agreed that they would leave the island in the boat the very next day, and would never come back to it again, and with that they all went home. The only animals that could not make up their minds about going were the sheep, and they said they would wait a little longer, the grass was so very fine and sweet just now.

Well, early the next morning, the horse and the cow, the donkey and the fowls, went down to the ferry-boat, and took their places. They waited a long time for piggie, but he didn't come, so they were obliged to go without him. It appeared afterwards that he was busy trying to give one more twist to his curly tail, and that was how he lost the boat. He was vexed enough, as you may suppose, for he

knew there were large woods and plenty of acorns on the mainland, and he thought to enjoy himself; but there was no help for it, so he went home again.

And how do you think the children got on in the island without the animals? You shall hear.

'Tom, Jack, Sam,' said the farmer, 'you must come and draw the plough, I have no horse now.' So the boys had to draw the plough, and, oh, how tired they were! 'Please, mother, give us a drink of milk,' they cried, when they came back.

'Milk, indeed,' said the mother; 'where am I to get milk without a cow? Go and take a drink of water, and be thankful.'

No eggs, no butter, no cream; and when the vegetables were ready for market, no donkey to carry them, so that the children were obliged to go each with a heavy basket. Oh, what a time they had of it! How they sighed for the horse and the cow, the donkey and the fowls! All that year they never once went to school, or had time to read a story-book, or to have a game at play. They never had a basin of bread and milk, or a pudding, or a slice of bread with butter on it.

'If only our dear old animals would come back!' they said.

'Let us take care of those we have,' said little Tiny; and so they left off teasing piggie, and only tried who would bring him most food; and they found it as good fun to stuff him, and see him eat, as it was to vex him. Indeed, piggie grew so fat that

there was no chance of his ever seeing his tail again. They left off driving the lambs and sheep too, and the little lambs grew so tame, that they would frisk round the children, and eat out of their hands, and run races with them. 'It is better than clapping our hands and hunting them, isn't it?' said Tiny.

Well, at last the children all agreed to send Tiny over in the ferry-boat, to ask the animals to come back again. So she took one of the lambs with her, and the pig (piggie was so lazy that they had to carry him to the boat in a blanket), to give the children a good character, and she carried a handful of hay for the horse, and some clover for the cow, and a fine thistle for the donkey, and some cold potatoes for the fowls, and off she set.

[*Write from dictation*]

There was no donkey to take the vegetables to market, and they were obliged to carry them themselves. They agreed that they had done wrong in teasing the good animals which had left them, because they were ill-used.

THE ANIMALS THAT RAN AWAY—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

potatoes, cackled, surprised, minutes.

When Tiny reached the shore, the animals met her, and she told them why she came, and how the children missed them in the island, and would be

very good to them if they would come back. And when the horse ate the hay, he thought of his warm stable, and felt it would be snug for the winter; and when the cow ate the clover, she longed for a bit more of it: 'It is so good for my milk,' she said; and when the donkey ate the thistle (there were no thistles on the mainland), he cried: 'Hee haw!' for ten minutes with delight. As for the cock and the hen and all their chickens, they would have gone anywhere for more cold potatoes. Then the pig made a speech, shewing how kind and good the children had grown; and the lamb said nothing, but let Tiny put her arms round his neck, and give him a kiss, which was better than any speech.

'I think, my friends,' said the horse, 'we had better go home.'

And the cow lowed, and the donkey brayed, the pig grunted, and the fowls cackled, and home they went.

How glad the children were—how they danced and shouted for joy! what a feast they gave their dear beasts, and what a feast they had at home for supper that night! 'We will take care,' they said, 'never to drive our good old friends to the ferry-boat again,' and they never did. The animals were pleased to be at home once more; and the last thing that night, the pig took the donkey aside, and said to him in quite a friendly way: 'My good fellow, you have been on your travels and seen the world, tell me what you think of my tail?'

The donkey put down both his ears, looked at it,

and cried: 'Hee haw!' so loud that he woke little Tiny out of her first sleep.

'Ugh, ugh!' said piggie, 'I thought it would rather surprise him;' and with that he went to sleep too.

[*Write from dictation*]

The animals, though surprised to see the children, were not sorry to make friends of them, and in a few minutes they agreed to return to the island, the cow being tempted by the clover, and the hens by the potatoes.

TRY AGAIN.

[*Spell and write*]

succeed, prevail, disgrace, reward, patience.

1.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

2.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try again.

3.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try again.

[*Write from dictation the first verse.*]

THE BLIND AND THE LAME.

[*Spell and write*]
terrible, accident, enough.

A poor man, who had been blind for many years was walking along the high-road, feeling his way with his stick. 'How unhappy I am,' he said to himself, 'to have been obliged to leave my poor little dog at home ill! I thought for once I could have found my way to the next village without him; but night is coming on, I shall meet no one to tell me which is the way, and I may be run over in the dark by a passing cart. In any case, I can hardly get home to-night, and then my poor dog will have no supper. How vexed he will be when he finds I do not come!'

Hardly had he said this, when he heard a voice near him exclaim: 'How unhappy I am! I have sprained my ankle in this hole! I cannot set my

foot on the ground. I must pass the night here in the road. What will my poor parents think has become of me?'

'Who are you?' cried the blind man.

'Alas!' replied the lame man, 'I am a poor young man who has met with a terrible accident. I have sprained my ankle. I cannot reach home, and must lie here in the mud.'

Blind Man. I am very sorry for you; but tell me, is there light enough to see the road?

Lame Man. Oh, if I could walk as well as I can see, my parents would soon be made happy.

Blind Man. Ah, if I could see as well as I can walk, my dog should soon have his supper.

Lame Man. What! are you blind, my poor friend!

Blind Man. Alas, yes! I am blind, and you are lame. I can no more get along than you can.

Lame Man. What pleasure I should have felt in leading you.

Blind Man. And I would gladly run and fetch you help, could I but see.

Lame Man. Stay, I have a happy thought. You want eyes and I legs. Lend me your legs, and I will lend you my eyes. So we shall both get home.

Blind Man. But how is that to be done, pray?

Lame Man. I am not very heavy, and you seem to have a broad back.

Blind Man. Yes, I've a strong back, I am thankful to say.

Lame Man. Well, then, take me on your back

and I will guide you along the road. In this way we shall both reach the town.

Blind Man. Good, good! Let us not lose a moment. Where are you?

Lame Man. Here I am. I shall pass my arms round your neck.

Blind Man. I have you all right. You weigh no more than a feather. Now, march!

They started at once; and as they had between them two good legs and two good eyes, they reached the town in less than a quarter of an hour. The blind man carried his lame friend to his father's door, and the father in his turn led the blind man home, who was joyously welcomed by his little dog.

[*Write from dictation the sentence beginning,* '"*Alas!*" *replied the lame man.*']

THE SHADOWS.

[*Spell and write*]

curtain, wonderful, shadow, cottages.

1.

MAMA.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air;
What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night?
And where is your smile, little quiet one, where?

2.

CHILD.

Mama, I see something so dark on the wall,
It moves up and down, and it looks very strange,
Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small;
Pray tell me what is it, and why does it change?

3.

MAMA.

It is mama's shadow that puzzles you so,
And there is your own close beside it, my love;
Now, run round the room, it will go where you go,
Will be still when you sit, when you rise it will move.

4.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it, do please let me ring
For Betsy to take all the shadows away.

MAMA.

No, Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,
But she could not lift this, should she try a whole day.

5.

These wonderful shadows are caused by the light
From sun, fire, and candles, upon us that falls;
Were we not sitting here, all that place would be bright,
But the light can't shine through us, you know, on the walls.

6.

And when you are out some fine day in the sun,
I 'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;
And houses and cottages, too, every one
Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright in the sky.

7.

Now, hold up your mouth, and give me a kiss,
Our shadows kiss too! Don't you see it quite plain?

CHILD.

Oh yes, and I thank you for telling me this—
I 'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

[*Write from dictation the first verse.*]

OLD WORLD STORIES.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

[*Spell and write*]

clothes, sacrifice, altar, steadily, banquet, invited, loosened, necessary.

Once on a time, a king and queen in Greece had two children, a son and a daughter, who were

good and very fond of each other. The son was called Phrixus, and the daughter Helle. Now, the father was a bad man, and put away his wife, the mother of the good children, and married another wife, who was called Ino, and was a wicked woman. She treated the poor children very badly, and gave them poor food, poor clothes, and beat them, though they were good, because they wept for their mother. She was a very wicked step-mother.

At last she was going to sacrifice the boy Phrixus; but when he was brought to the altar, the god Hermes brought a beautiful large ram, which had golden wool, and could run on the clouds. On this ram, with the golden fleece, Hermes set Phrixus and his little sister, and told them they were to go through the air to the land of Colchis. Now, the ram knew the way; the children were with one hand to take firm hold of one of the horns, and the other they threw round each other; but Helle let go, and fell down into the sea. Phrixus wept sorely because his poor sister was dead, but rode steadily on, and arrived at Colchis. There he sacrificed the ram, and nailed the golden fleece to an oak-tree.

Afterwards, there was in the north of Greece another king, who was called Pelias. He stole the kingdom from his brother, whose son's name was Jason. Jason was young and brave: he dwelt with his father outside the city. Now, it had been

told to King Pelias, that a man who came to him with only one shoe on should take the kingdom from him; and it happened that the king gave a banquet, and Jason was invited. Jason had to go through a stream in order to get to the city, for there was no bridge over the stream.

There was that night a great storm, and much rain had fallen. The stream was full of water, and flowed with a strong current. The strings of one of Jason's shoes were loosened, and he lost it in the water, and came with one shoe to the king's palace. When King Pelias saw this, he was afraid, and said to Jason that he must leave the country, and not return till he brought the golden fleece with him.

Jason was not afraid, and invited all brave heroes to go along with him; for in order to get the fleece, it was necessary to fight with evil beasts and evil men.

Then Jason built for himself and his comrades a great ship. The goddess Minerva helped him, and gave him the gift of a tree for a mast. The ship was called *Argo*, and those who sailed in it were called Argonauts. Among the Argonauts was Hercules, and the two brothers Zetus and Caläis, who had wings, and could fly through the air, and a hero by name Pollux, who overthrew every one he boxed with.

Then came they with the ship to a country whose king was called Amykus, and all strangers who came to his country had to fight with him, and

he was very strong, and killed all who fought with him. Pollux, however, struck him to the ground, and killed him, for he was a very wicked man.

[*Write from dictation*]

The strings of one of Jason's shoes were loosened, and he came with one shoe to the king's palace. Jason invited all brave heroes to go with him in search of the golden fleece.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

disgusting, properly, miserable, favourable, embarked, embraced, hastened, accordingly, managed, approach.

Thereafter came the Argonauts with their ship *Argo* to a town where dwelt a king whose name was Phineus. He had made Jupiter angry, and Jupiter, to punish him, made him blind; and always when he was about to sit down at his table to eat, large disgusting birds came, which were called Harpies. These harpies had a skin of iron like a coat of mail, and though the people of the blind Phineus shot at them and struck them, they could not wound them. The harpies had also great sharp iron talons, with which they tore the people to pieces who tried to drive them away. The moment the food was served, they came and carried it off, and as the poor Phineus never could get enough to eat, he was nearly starved to death.

When the heroes came to him, he told them his

miserable state, and begged them to help him. The heroes sat down at table with him, and when the food was brought in, the harpies flew in likewise. Jason and his comrades drew their swords and hacked at them, but all to no purpose.

The two sons of Boreas, Zetus and Caläis, who had wings, sprang into the air; then the harpies became afraid, and flew away, and the two heroes flew after them. The harpies were at last quite worn out and terrified, and fell into the sea, and were drowned. Then came Zetus and Caläis back; and now had the poor Phineus peace, and could eat.

When the wind was favourable, the heroes again embarked in the ship *Argo*, in order to sail to Colchis; and when they took leave of Phineus, he embraced them, and kissed them, and thanked them again and again for having relieved him from his grievous trouble, and by way of thanks he gave them good advice. On the great sea over which they had to sail, floated two huge rocks, as icebergs float on the sea where there is no summer, but where perpetual winter reigns. The rocks were lofty, and when they rushed together, they dashed to pieces whatever was between them. If fishes happened to be swimming in the water, they struck them dead; and if birds happened to be flying through the air when the rocks came together, they were dashed to pieces; and if a ship were trying to sail through, they rushed

together just when the ship was in the midd and dashed it to pieces, and all the men in were killed. These rocks had been placed in t sea by Jupiter, that no ship might reach Colchis.

Now Phineus knew that the rocks always rushe apart after they had dashed together, and tha they always hastened to rush together when a fish, a bird, or a ship was passing through. Accordingly, he gave them wise counsel, and the heroes did as he advised them, and so passed safely through, and I will now tell you how they managed it.

When the Argonauts came to the spot where the rocks were floating, they were wide apart, and began at once to approach. The Argonauts sailed right towards the centre, and when they were close upon them, one of the heroes stood on the prow of the ship holding a dove in his hand, and let it fly. Now, when any living thing came between the rocks, they were forced, as we have said, to dash together, and then they would part far asunder. The dove was swift, and the goddess Minerva helped it, because it was a good dove; it was quite white; and so, when the rocks dashed together, only the dove's tail was between them, and it was torn off, but the feathers soon grew again. Then rushed the rocks wide asunder, and the heroes, rowing with all their might, got safely through. When the rocks came together again, they cut off only a little bit of the hinder part of the vessel.

The dove alighted again on the ship, and bore ne

grudge to the Argonauts, and thereafter Minerva took it and set it in the sky, and there it is now, a beautiful star.

[*Write from dictation*]

The disgusting birds were accordingly driven away from the miserable man, and on a favourable day the heroes again embarked, and hastened in search of the fleece.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

dangerous, daughter, prepared, unknown, reason, entered, collected, armour, ministers, generals, spectators, terrified.

After the Argonauts had passed safely through between these dangerous rocks, they at last ran into the river which flows through Colchis. Some remained in the ship; Jason, however, and Pollux, and many other heroes, went to the city where the king dwelt. The king was called Æetes, and had a daughter who was called Medea.

Jason said to King Æetes, that Pelias had sent him in order to fetch the golden fleece, and besought him to give it up. Æetes did not wish to part with the fleece, and yet he could not refuse Jason's request, for it was fated that he would have to give it up when a stranger from the land of Greece came to ask it. He said, therefore, to Jason, that he should have the fleece; but first he would have to yoke some iron bulls to a plough, and plough round a large field, and then sow the teeth of the dragon.

These iron bulls had been made by Vulcan: they walked, and moved, and lived like real bulls; but they breathed fire out of their nostrils and mouths, and were fiercer and stronger than real bulls. For this reason they were kept in a stall built of huge stones and iron, and the bulls were tied in these with strong iron chains.

When the dragon's teeth were cast upon the earth, iron men would spring up, armed with lances and swords, and slay those who had sown them. Now, the king wished that the bulls should kill Jason, and if they did not do it, he thought that the iron men would not fail to do so.

The king's daughter, Medea, saw Jason in her father's house, and loved him, and she grieved to think that the hero must die. She could prepare charmed potions, and ride in a chariot drawn by flying snakes. So she flew through the air, and collected herbs on many hills, and in valleys, and on the margins of streams. Out of all the herbs she pressed the sap, and prepared it. Then she went to Jason unknown to her father, and brought him the sap, and told him to rub his face, his arms, his hands, and his legs with it, and likewise his armour, his lance, and his sword, and his shield. By that means he became for one day stronger than all other heroes, and fire would not burn him, nor could iron wound him or hack through his armour, but his lance and sword could pierce through iron as if it were butter.

Then a day was fixed on which Jason should

yoke the bulls and sow the teeth. Early in the morning, ere the sun rose, came the king, Æetes, with his daughter and his ministers, generals and courtiers, and sat on his throne at the place which Jason had been ordered to plough. The others sat on benches, and all the people came out of the city in order to see how things would go, and the youths climbed up the trees that they might have a good view.

Jason rubbed himself and his armour with the juice, as Medea had told him to do, and came out on the open field. Hard by the field was the stable in which the iron bulls were tied up. The doors were thrown open, and Jason went boldly in, and was not afraid. He untied the bulls, and taking each with one hand by one of its horns, dragged them out. The bulls bellowed horribly, and blew fire out of their mouths and nostrils, and as much smoke as when a house is on fire.

Then did the wicked king rejoice; but those among the spectators who were of good disposition, and saw how beautiful and brave Jason was, were troubled, and feared that he would be killed, for they knew not that Medea had come to his help. Jason pressed the heads of both bulls to the earth. They struck out with their hind feet, but Jason pressed so heavily that they sunk upon their knees.

The plough to which they were now to be yoked was of iron; this Pollux brought up, and threw a yoke over the necks of the bulls, and a chain over their horns. Jason held them, by the mouth and

nose, close pressed to the ground, so that they could not blow out fire. Then, when Pollux was ready, and the bulls were yoked, he sprang quickly aside, and taking the chains in one hand, and the handle of the plough in the other, he let the horns free. The bulls sprang up, and would have dashed away, but Jason held the chains so tight that they at last grew quite weary of struggling, and were compelled to plough.

When they were yoked, the sun was just risen, and by mid-day Jason had ploughed round the whole field. Then he took the yoke from the necks of the bulls, and let them free. The bulls were so terrified, that they ran off like cats that have been beaten, and made for the mountains. They would have set the woods on fire, had not Vulcan caught them, and carried them away.

When Jason had finished the ploughing, he went to the king and asked for the dragon's teeth, that he might sow them. The king gave him an iron helmet full of teeth, and Jason taking them out with one hand, went up and down the field throwing them on every side. Then he took a large spear and broke the clods, and made the earth smooth as a gardener does after he has sown. He then went away to lie down till evening, for he was very weary.

[*Write from dictation*]

The spectators, among whom were the ministers and generals of the king, were terrified when they saw the fire-breathing bulls, but Jason did not dread the dangerous task.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

shoulders, following, seize, quarrel, attack, perished, furiously, requested, purposed, immortal.

At sunset Jason returned to the field, and there iron men were growing up on every side. Some had already grown out as far as the feet, others to the knees, others to the haunches, some to the shoulders. Of some, again, only the helmet and the forehead were visible, the rest of their bodies being still in the ground. Those who already had their arms out of the earth, and could move, shook their spears and brandished their swords. Some already had their feet free, and were about to attack Jason.

Then Jason, following the advice of his friend Medea, took a great stone, and threw it into the midst of them. When the iron men saw it, they sprang aside to seize it. They then began to quarrel over it (because each wanted to have it for his own use), and to attack and cut at one another; and as each got his feet out of the earth, he ran into the fight, and thus they all slew each other. Jason meanwhile went round the field, and cut off the heads of those who were growing out. Thus perished all the iron men. The king raged furiously, but all the spectators were glad.

On the following day, Jason went to the king, and requested that he would now give him the

golden fleece; but the king did not give it, but said that he was to come again. He purposed murdering Jason; but Medea told him of his danger, and bade him go himself and take the fleece, otherwise he would not get it at all.

The fleece was nailed to an oak, and at the foot of the oak lay a dragon which never slept, and which ate up all men who wished to lay their hands on the fleece, except the king. The dragon was immortal, and accordingly Medea could not help Jason to kill it; but he was very fond of sweet cakes, and Medea gave to Jason honey-cakes, into which she had put a liquid which would compel the dragon to sleep. Jason came with the cakes, and threw them to him: the stupid dragon ate them all, and at once fell fast asleep. Jason stepped over him, with a pair of pincers drew out the nails with which the fleece was nailed, and taking the fleece, he covered it with his cloak, and carried it to his ship. Medea went to the ship, and became Jason's wife, and went with him to Greece.

When Medea reached home with Jason, by her magic arts she made his old father young, so that his white hair became black, and all his teeth grew again, and he was vigorous as a youth, and lived for many years; but Pelias she killed, and Jason's father was once more king in his stead.

[*Write from dictation*]

They quarrelled furiously, attacked each other, and all perished. Medea purposed to kill the dragon, but to give immortal life to Jason.

THE LARK.

[*Spell and write*]
fluttering, harmonious, fledged, creatures, praises.

1.
Hark, hark! the lark with fluttering wing
Has risen with the sun,
In sweet harmonious notes to sing,
And teach its new-fledged young.

2.
Hark! how it sings while mounting high,
And chanting in the air,
As if it fain would reach the sky,
And utter praises there.

3.
'Hark!' does it say, as up it flies,
'Come, children, join my lays!
You little creatures, can you rise
And sing your Maker's praise?'

4.
Yes, pretty bird, our minds can soar,
Though in our school we stand;
And we can echo praises o'er,
Though but an infant band.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

THE USE OF SIGHT.

[*Spell and write*]

returned, exclaimed, tedious, pleasant, berries, misletoe, pretended, different, prospect, mansion, glorious, knowledge, observation, obtained, telescope, bought.

1.

What, Charles, returned!' papa exclaimed;
'How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you 've seen.'

2.

'So tedious, stupid, dull a walk!'
Said Charles, 'I 'll go no more;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

3.

'I crossed the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill:
Then by the river-side came down,
Near Mr Fairplay's mill.'

4.

Now Tom and Julia both ran in:
'Oh, dear papa!' said they,
'The sweetest walk we both have had;
Oh, what a pleasant day!

5.

'Near Woodland House we crossed the fields,
And by the mill we came.'
'Indeed!' exclaimed papa, 'how 's this?
Your brother took the same;

6.

'But very dull he found the walk.
What have you there? let's see—
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me.'

7.

'First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white,
The misletoe we know.

8.

'A bird all green ran up a tree,
A woodpecker we call,
Who with his strong bill wounds the bark,
To feed on insects small.

9.

'And many lapwings cried peewit;
And one among the rest
Pretended lameness, to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

10.

'Young starlings, martins, swallows, all
Such lively flocks, and gay;
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

11.

'This bird we found, a kingfisher,
Though dead, his plumes how bright!
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa,
'Twill be a charming sight!

12.

'When reached the heath, how wide the :
The air how fresh and sweet!
We plucked these flowers and different pl
The fairest we could meet.

13.

'The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion here, a cottage there:
See, here's the sketch we drew!

14.

'A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold:
His daily race was done.'

15.

'True taste with knowledge,' said papa,
'By observation's gained;
You've both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

16.

'My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new:
And, Thomas, now this microscope,
I think, is quite your due.

17.

'And toys, or still more useful gifts,
For Charles, too, shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.'

[*Write from dictation the fifteenth verse.*]

ARITHMETICAL STANDARD.

Short Division.*

2)236 3)837 4)623 2)973 5)1064 6)6397

3)4896307402 Divide this sum also by 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

8)465328 7)516824 12)716855 11)713625†

Multiply: 897632056902 × 6208 = 793580624689 × 709

1. If there are 55 oranges to be divided among 11 boys, how many will each have?

2. If 10 minutes are allowed to each lesson, how many lessons can be done in 2 hours and 20 minutes?

3. A gentleman gave 30 apples to be equally divided among the 12 youngest scholars in a village school, how many fell to the share of each?

* Division is the method of finding how often one number is contained in another: that is, how often one number must be taken to make up another.

† Multiply the quotient in each of the division sums by the divisor, as an exercise in multiplication.

END OF SECOND PART.

PART THIRD.

THE OX AND THE ASS.

[*Spell and write*]

consider, required, occasion, journey, different, constantly, unwholesome, completed, labourer, obliged, overcome, yesterday.

An ox and an ass lived in the same stall. 'How happy do I think your lot,' said the ox one day to the ass, 'when I consider the repose you enjoy, and the little labour you are required to perform! A servant looks after you with great care, washes you, feeds you with fine sifted barley, and gives you fresh and clean water; your greatest task is to carry our master when he has occasion to take a short journey, and but for that, your whole life would be passed in idleness. How different now is the manner in which they treat me! It is scarcely dawn when they yoke me to a plough, with which they make me turn up the ground the whole day; while the labourer, who is constantly behind, urges me on with his goad. The weight and force of the plough, too, rubs all the skin from my neck. When I have worked from morning till night, they give me unwholesome, dirty beans, or even something worse; and to complete my misery, I am compelled to pass

my night in a filthy stall. Have I not, then, reason to envy your lot?'

The ass suffered the ox to say what he pleased, and then replied in these words: 'In truth, people are not much out when they call you an idiot, since you pass your life just as they please, and cannot take thought on your own behalf. You destroy yourself for the profit of those who do not thank you for it. Believe me, they would not treat you thus if you had as much courage as strength. When they come to tie you to the manger, do you ever put them in mind of your horns? Do you ever shew your anger by stamping on the ground with your feet? Why don't you frighten them by bellowing? They bring you bad beans and chaff; well, do not eat them, smell at them only, and leave them. If you follow these plans of mine, you will soon perceive a change which you will thank me for.' The ox took the advice of the ass very kindly. 'My dear friend,' said he, 'I will not fail to do as you bid me, and you shall see how I will acquit myself.'

Early the next morning, the labourer came for the ox, and yoked him to the plough, and set him to work as usual. The ox, who had not forgotten the ass's advice, was very unruly the whole day. At night, when the labourer tried to fasten him as usual to his stall, he ran roaring back, and even put out his horns to strike him. The day following, when the man came, he found the manger still full of beans and chaff, and the ox

lying on the ground, with his legs stretched out, and making a strange groaning. The man thought him very ill, and that it would be useless to take him to work. He therefore took the ass, and left the ox in the stall.

The ass was obliged to drag the plough the whole day, which tired him the more, because he was not used to it; besides which, he was so beaten that he could scarcely walk back to his stall.

In the meantime, the ox was very well content; he ate all that was in the rack, and rested the whole day. He was highly pleased with himself for having taken the advice of the ass, and blessed him for the good he had procured him. As soon as he saw him return, he did not fail to repeat his thanks. The ass was so angry at the treatment he had received, that he would not answer a word. 'My own folly,' said he to himself, 'has alone brought this misfortune upon me. I lived happily; everything was pleasant; I had all I wished for, and I may thank myself only for this change. If I cannot contrive to get out of this scrape, it will certainly be the death of me.' In saying this, his strength gave way, and he fell down in his stall half-dead.

After a time, the ass said to the ox: 'Tell me, brother, what you mean to do when the labourer brings you your food to-morrow?'

'Mean to do?' said the ox, 'why what you taught me. At first I shall run backwards, then put down my horns as yesterday, and pretend to

be ill, and almost dying.' 'Take care,' replied the ass, 'what you are about, lest you destroy yourself; for in coming home, I heard our master say what made me tremble for you.' 'What did you hear?' said the ox; 'conceal nothing from me, I beg of you.' 'Our master,' replied the ass, 'addressed his labourer in these sad words: "Since the ox can neither eat nor stand, I wish him to be killed to-morrow; we will give his flesh to the poor; and you shall carry his skin, which will be useful, to the currier; do not therefore fail to send for the butcher." This is what I heard, and the interest I take in your safety, and the friendship I have for you, leads me to mention it, and offer you my advice on the subject. At first, when they bring you beans and chaff, get up and begin eating directly. Our master will suppose you are well again, and will, without doubt, revoke your sentence of death; if you act otherwise, it is all over with you.'

On hearing this speech, the ox was overcome with fear, and resolved to eat his food, and return to his work as before. He was never heard to complain again, nor did the ass, from that time, ever open his mouth to give advice to his friends.

[*Write from dictation*]

Consider what is required of you in your journey through life, and continually overcome evil with good. Remember, too, that the burden you have may be lighter than that for which you desire to exchange it.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

[*Spell and write*]

bethought, justify, violence, villain, humbly, replied, injustice, powerful, innocence, another, resisting.

As a wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. 'Villain!' said he, running up to her, 'how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?'

'Indeed,' said the lamb humbly, 'I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you.'

'Be that as it may,' replied the wolf, 'it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names.'

'Oh, sir,' said the lamb trembling, 'a year ago I was not born.'

'Well,' replied the wolf, 'if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper.' And without another word, he fell upon the poor helpless lamb, and tore her to pieces.

[*Write from dictation*]

Tyrants and villains are never at a loss to justify violence and injustice. Innocence, by resisting, gains no advantage.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

[*Spell and write*]

resided, pleasant, convenient, provided, forgetting, gentleman, diligent, denied.

1.

In a little dark house, a few feet from the ground,
An honest old spider resided.
So pleasant, so snug, and convenient 'twas found,
That his friends came to see it for many yards round;
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

2.

He thought that the little his wife could consume,
With care he might always provide her;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
Where there came every morning a maid with a broom—
A pitiless foe to a spider.

3.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
  His wife, a most diligent spinner,
Said: 'Now, my dear, go to the cobweb and try
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
  As a nice little relish for dinner.'

4.

He went without thinking of what might befall,
  For nothing he ever denied her;
Brush came the great broom down the side of the
    wall,
And, alas! carried with it web, dinner, and all;
  And thus ended the days of poor spider.

[*Write from dictation*]

A gentleman spider resided with a pleasant and diligent little wife in a convenient corner of a room; but, alas! he did not reside there long.

THE NUT: A FABLE.

[*Spell and write*]

disputing, decide, quarrel, trouble.

Two boys were once playing under a tree, when a nut fell from it near them. One of them picked it up. The other boy said: 'It is my nut, for I saw it fall.'

'No, it is mine,' said the other, 'for I picked it up.'

Just then a bigger boy came along, and he said: 'What are you disputing about?'

The little boys told him.

'Give it to me,' said he, 'and I will decide your quarrel for you.'

So he cracked the nut, and gave one half of the shell to one boy, saying: 'This is for you, because you saw the nut fall.' He then gave the other half-shell to the second boy, saying: 'This is yours, because you picked up the nut.' Then, putting the kernel into his own mouth, he said: 'And this is for my trouble in cracking it.'

[*Write from dictation*]

If two dispute, and a third is called in to settle the quarrel, he will have at least the kernel of the nut for his trouble.

THE DUKE AND THE COW-BOY.

[*Spell and write*]

yesterday, manage, generous, palace, sovereign, comrade, complain, enough, certainly, frightened, contrary.

Duke. This must be the pretty black cow I bought yesterday. What a fine creature she is, and full of spirit! The poor lad who is running behind will never be able to manage her; that is quite clear.

Cow-boy. My good sir, pray help me to take this cow to the duke's, or I shall never get there.

Duke. Nonsense, boy, you must manage for yourself as you best can.

Cow-boy. My good man, if you will help me, I will give you half the money I get.

Duke. How do you know you will have any money?

Cow-boy. Ah! because the duke is so generous.

Duke. In that case I will help you with the cow.

[*When they reach the palace, the duke goes in by a private door.*]

Duke [*To his servant*]. Go and take this sovereign to the young boy who has brought the cow.

[*The duke goes out again, and waits in the road for the boy to come back.*]

Duke. Holloa, comrade, have you had anything given you?

Cow-boy. Yes; and there is sixpence of it for you.

Duke. What! did you only get a shilling?

Cow-boy. Pretty well, too, I think.

Duke. No, the duke is too generous only to have given that; there must be a mistake—let us go back again.

Cow-boy. But I don't want to complain, sir; I am quite content.

Duke. We will go back, I tell you; and you will see, without asking the duke, you will receive much more.

[*The duke rings the door-bell.*]

Cow-boy. But you ring loud enough to make all the glasses and plates in the palace dance again. We shall certainly be scolded.

Duke [*To the servant*]. Call all the servants together in the large hall. Now, my boy, tell me, do you know who gave you the shilling?

Cow-boy [*Almost too frightened to speak*]. Yes, sir, this one with the white apron.

Servant. Your Grace, pray forgive me for my wicked theft.

Duke. You will leave my service. And for you, my boy, I will take you into the house; and it will be your own fault if you do not rise to a place of trust.

Cow-boy. But tell me, then, are you really the duke, and you are not angry that I asked you to drive the cow?

Duke. Yes, my boy, I am the duke; but I am not angry. On the contrary, I am very glad I have met you, since I have been able at once to detect a rogue and reward an honest lad.

[*Write from dictation*]

Yesterday, a generous duke met a cow-boy near his palace, and gave him a sovereign—certainly enough for the work the boy did. The boy was frightened when he found that he had been talking with the duke, but his Grace was kind, and took him into his service, thus rewarding an honest lad.

THE LITTLE DISASTER.

[*Spell and write*]
treasure, astonished, inclined, capering.

1.

Once there was a little man,
Where a little river ran,
And he had a little farm
And dairy, O;
And he had a little plough,
And a little dappled cow,
Which he often called his pretty
Little fairy, O.

2.

And his dog he called Fidelle,
For he loved his master well;
And he had a little pony for
His pleasure, O;
In a sty not very big
He had a frisky little pig,
Which he called his little pig-
-gie treasure, O.

3.

Once his little maiden, Ann,
With her pretty little can,
Went a-milking when the morning sun
Was beaming, O,
When she fell, I don't know how,
But she stumbled o'er the plough,
And the cow was quite astonished at
Her screaming, O.

4.

Little maid cried out in vain,
While the milk ran o'er the plain;
Little pig ran grunting after it
So gaily, O;
While the little dog behind
For a share was much inclined;
So he pulled back little piggie by
The taily, O.

5.

Such a clatter now began
As alarmed the little man,
Who came capering from out his lit-
-tle stable, O:
Pony trod on doggie's toes;
Doggie snapped at piggie's nose;
Piggie made as great a noise as he
Was able, O.

6.

Then, to make the story short,
Little pony, with a snort,
Lifted up his little heels so ver-
-y clever, O;
And the man he tumbled down,
And he nearly cracked his crown,
And this only made the matter worse
Than ever, O.

[*Write from dictation the first verse.*]

THE STAG AT THE POOL.

[*Spell and write*]

reflected, unseemly, ornament, entangled, pursuers.

A stag one summer day came to a pool to quench his thirst, and as he stood drinking, he saw his form reflected in the water. 'What beauty and strength,' cried he, 'are in these horns of mine; but how unseemly are these weak and slender feet!' While he was thus finding fault with the form which Nature had given him, the huntsmen and hounds drew that way. The feet, with which he had found so much fault, soon carried him out of the reach of his pursuers, but the horns, of which he was so vain, becoming

entangled in a thicket, held him till the hunters again came up to him, and proved the cause of his death.

Look to use before ornament.

[*Write from dictation the first sentence.*]

LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.

[*Spell and write*]

disappointed, amuse, beautiful, behave, puzzled.

Little Susy had a kind mother to take care of her, so you will perhaps wonder why she had a great many servants of her own. I shall tell you of only a very few, and then you can ask your mother to talk to you about the others. For, the little servants Susy had, you have too.

When first she was born, she did not know what they were for, or where they were. They did not know either, and so they were useless. Two of them were black, and so much alike, that you could not tell one from the other. Susy kept them almost always shut up, so that nobody could see them. When her aunts and cousins came to see Susy, they would say: 'I should think she might let *us* see them!' and would go away quite disappointed. These black servants were bright little things, and they soon learned to amuse Susy a great deal. One of the first things they did for her was to let her see the fire, and that she thought very beautiful.

Susy had another pair of twins for her servants, who knew so little what they were for, that they used to slap and scratch her face. Her mother said she should have to tie them up, if they did so. But though they did not know how to behave, they were very pretty, tiny things, like rose leaves, or anything else soft and pink you can think of.

Susy had another pair of twins that she took no notice of for some months. They did not learn how to wait upon her so soon as some of the others did. They were restless little fat things, seldom still a moment, and almost all they knew was how to kick holes in her socks.

Susy had still another pair of twins that were very useful, for without them she would never have heard her mother sing, or her father whistle, or the shovel and tongs fall down and make such a charming noise; nor the pussy-cat say 'mew!' nor the doggie say 'bow-wow!'

She had one more little servant that she kept out of sight all the time. All it was good for at first, was to help her to a great many breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers every day. But it became good for a great deal more after a while.

If I go on in this way, I am afraid you will be much puzzled. So if you will guess the names of these servants of Susy's, I will give you three guesses; and if you do not guess right the third time, you will have to peep into the glass where

you will see most of your own that I have been talking about.

[*Write from dictation*]

We should be disappointed were we to lose our useful servants—servants as beautiful as they are useful. I dare-say you can guess the names of these servants after a little thought, though at first puzzled.

THE FOX'S JOURNEY.

[*Spell and write*]

hungry, declared, reprieve, music.

1.

The fox jumped up in a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he had many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den, O! den, O! den, O!

2.

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared they heard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr Fox, O! fox, O! fox, O!

3.

He took the gray goose by the sleeve,
Says he, 'Madam Goose, and by your leave,
I'll carry you away without reprieve,
And I'll take you to my den, O! den, O! den, O!'

4.

He took the gray goose by the neck,
And swung her quite across his back;
The black duck cried out, 'Quack, quack, quack!'
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O! den, O!

5.

Old Mrs Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window popped her head;
'Oh, John, John, John! the gray goose is gone!
And the fox is off to his den, O! den, O! den, O!'

6.

John went up to the top of the hill,
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox, 'That is very pretty music, still
I'd rather be in my den, O! den, O! den, O!'

7.

At last the fox got to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Says he, 'By good-luck, there's a good fat duck,
With its legs hanging dangling down, O! down, O!
down, O!'

8.

He sat down to dinner with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife;
They never ate a better duck all their life,
And the little ones scrambled for the bones, O!
bones, O! bones, O!

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

STORY OF A SWALLOW.

[*Spell and write*]

continued, softened, untimely, assembled, fluttering, exertions
completed, weather, division.

A swallow's nest, built in the west corner of a window facing the north, was so much softened by

the long-continued beating of the rain against it, that it became too weak to support its burden, consisting of five pretty well-grown swallows. At length the nest fell into the lower corner of the window, leaving the young swallows exposed to all the fury of the blast. To save the little creatures from an untimely death, the owner of the house kindly caused a covering to be thrown over them till the storm was past. When it had gone down, the sages of the little flock assembled, fluttering round the window, and hovering over the covering of the fallen nest. As soon as this was observed, the covering was removed, and the utmost joy shewn by the group on finding the young ones alive and unhurt. After feeding them, and fluttering about for a short time, the swallows arranged themselves into working-order. Each division taking a station, began instantly to work, and before nightfall, they had, by their exertions, completed an arched canopy over the young brood in the corner where they lay, and thus safely covered them from the severity of the weather. From the time which it took the flock to perform this piece of building, it was clear that the young must have perished from cold and hunger, before any single pair could have done half the job.

[*Write from dictation*]

The swallows would have met with an untimely death, had not their friends assembled, and fluttering round the window, completed the little nest which had fallen down; and that, by dint of great exertions, in a very short time.

OLD SARAH.

[*Spell and write*]

wrinkled, haggard, petticoat, coloured, traveller, poverty

1.

With haggard eye and wrinkled face,
Old Sarah goes with tottering pace,
From door to door to beg;
With gipsy-hat and tattered gown,
And petticoat of rusty brown,
And many-coloured leg.

2.

No blazing fire, no cheerful home—
She goes forlorn about to roam,
While winds and tempests blow:
And every traveller passing by,
She follows with a doleful cry
Of poverty and woe.

3.

But, see! her arm no basket bears,
With laces gay, and wooden wares,
And garters blue and red;
To stroll about and drink her gin,
She loves far better than to spin,
Or work to earn her bread.

4.

Old Sarah everybody knows,
Nor is she pitied as she goes—
A sad and woful sight.
For people do not like to give
Relief to those who idle live,
And work not when they might.

[*Write from dictation the last three lines.*]

OLD SUSAN.

[*Spell and write*]

peaceful, wholesome, aches, industry, ancient, respected.

1.

Old Susan, in a cottage small,
Though low the roof, and mud the wall,
Of goods a scanty store,
Enjoys within her peaceful shed,
Her wholesome crust of barley-bread,
Nor does she covet more.

2.

Though aches and weakness she must feel,
She daily plies her spinning-wheel
Within her cottage-gate.
And thus her industry and care,
Suffice to find her homely fare;
Nor envies she the great.

3.

A decent gown she always wears,
Though many an ancient patch it bears,
And many a one that 's new;
No dirt is seen within her door,
Clean sand she sprinkles on the floor,
As tidy people do.

4.

Old Susan everybody knew,
And every one respected too,
Her industry and care;
And when her little stock was low,
Her neighbours gladly would bestow
Whatever they could spare.

Original Poems.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

STORY OF AN EAGLE.

[*Spell and write*]

adventure, accompanied, attempted, repeated, defend measured, stomach.

'That the eagle can defend itself very well,' sa Uncle Thomas, 'is proved by an adventure whi a young man had with one in the Highlands Scotland. He had gone out very early one mor ing to shoot rock-pigeons, accompanied by a d of the terrier breed. As he stood watching t pigeons, an eagle came floating over the brow a rock. He took aim and fired, and the bi fell to the ground with a broken wing. I attempted to master it with his hands, but fought with great determination, and tore l

hands so, that he was obliged to give up. He then caused his dog to attack it, but though in the habit of fighting with badgers and with otters, it soon found that they were weak foes compared to the eagle, and ran yelping away. The sportsman was at last compelled to knock it on the head with the end of his gun, nor was it killed till it had received about a dozen heavy blows. He described it as having legs nearly as thick as his wrist.'

'It must have been a very strong bird,' remarked Jane.

'It is perhaps only when very hungry, or in defence of themselves, or their young,' continued Uncle Thomas, 'that the eagle ever attacks human beings. Probably to the former of these was owing the attack of one on a little boy, of which I will now tell you:

'A few years ago, as two boys, the one about seven, and the other five years old, were amusing themselves with trying to reap during the time that their parents were at dinner in a field near New York, a large eagle came sailing over them, and with a swoop attempted to seize the eldest, but luckily missed him. Not at all afraid, the bird alighted on the ground at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated the attempt. The bold little fellow defended himself with the sickle which he had in his hand, and when the bird rushed upon him, he struck it. The sickle entered the left wing, went through the ribs, and proved

instantly fatal. On being measured, it was 1
that from the tip of one wing to that of the
was upwards of six feet! Its stomach was op
and found to be entirely empty. The little
did not receive a scratch.'

[*Write from dictation*]

An eagle, which measured six feet from the tip of one w
to the tip of the other, attempted to carry off a boy who
reaping in a field accompanied by a friend; but the b
defended himself bravely from its repeated attacks.

THE DOGS.

A Fable.

[*Spell and write*]

wretched, travelling, inquired, victory, certainly, nevertheless.

'How wretched our race is in this country!' said a poodle, who had been travelling. 'In that distant part of the world that men call India,

there are some real dogs to be found yet; dogs, my brothers—you will hardly believe me, though I have seen it with my own eyes—dogs who are not even afraid of a lion, and boldly attack him.'

'But,' inquired a steady pointer, 'do they manage to gain the victory over the lion?'

'Gain the victory!' answered the poodle. 'I cannot exactly say that. Nevertheless, just consider, to attack a lion!'

'Oh!' continued the pointer, 'if they do not overcome the lion, your praised dogs in India are but little better than we are, but certainly a good deal more stupid.'

LESSING.

[*Write from dictation*]

A wretched dog, who had travelled in distant countries, told of a victory that ought to have been gained over a lion, but which, nevertheless, was not gained.

THE ASS AND HIS DRIVER.

[*Spell and write*]

resisting, contrary, precipice.

An ass that was being driven along the road by his master, started on ahead, and leaving the beaten track, made as fast as he could for the edge of a precipice. When he was just on the point of falling over, his master ran up, and seizing him by the tail, tried to pull him back, but the ass resisting, and pulling the contrary way, the

man let go his hold, saying: 'Well, Jack, if
will be master, I cannot help it. A wilful b
must go his own way.'

[*Write out this fable from dictation.*]

WHAT CLOTHES ARE MADE OF.

[*Spell and write*]

guessed, animals, provide, delicate, suffered.

1.

Come here to papa, and I'll tell you, my boy–
For I think you would never have guessed–
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little Charles can be dressed.

2.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his s
To make you a jacket to use;
And the dog or the seal must be stripped of
hide
To give you a couple of shoes.

3.

And then the gray rabbit next gives you
share,
He helps to provide you a hat;
For this must be made of his delicate hair;
And so you may thank him for that.

4.

And many poor animals suffer besides,
And each of them gives us a share—
Pull off their warm clothing, or give us their hi
That we may have plenty to wear.

5.

Then as the poor creatures are suffered to give
So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right that as long as they live,
We should do for *them* all that we can.

Rhymes for the Nursery.

[*Write from dictation the fourth verse.*]

THE CLOAK.

[*Spell and write*]

violent, request, officer, uniform, convinced, promised, allowed, recognised.

Several soldiers came to a village in a time of war, and asked for a guide. They desired an old labourer to go with them. It was very cold—snow was falling, and the wind was very violent. He begged the peasants to lend him a cloak, but they refused to listen to his request. Only a strange old man, who had been driven from his home by the war, had pity on the labourer, and gave him his old cloak, though he was very poor. The soldiers marched away. Late in the evening a handsome young officer, dressed in a splendid uniform, and with an order on his breast, rode into the village; he desired to be led to the old man who had lent his cloak to the guide. When the kind old man saw the officer, he gave a loud cry: 'That is my son Rudolf,' he exclaimed, and ran towards him to embrace the youth. Rudolf had been obliged to become a soldier several years

before, and as he was very upright and brave, as well as clever, he had been made an officer. He had heard nothing of his father since he left him, who had formerly been a merchant in a large town; but he had recognised the old cloak, and the story of the guide had convinced him that his father was now living in this village.

The father and son shed tears of joy, and the people who stood around them wept with them. Rudolf remained with his father all night, and talked with him until morning. Before he went away, he gave him a great sum of money, and promised to take care of him in future.

The people all said: 'Because the good old man was so kind, God has taken pity on him, and allowed him to find his son again, who will take care of him, and put an end to his troubles.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The officer, who was dressed in a splendid uniform, recognised the cloak, and was convinced that his poor old father, whom he had promised to support, was living in the village. He found him out, and all his troubles were at an end.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1.

'WILL you walk into my parlour?'
said the Spider to the Fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour
that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a
winding stair,
And I have many curious things to
shew you when you're there.'
'Oh, no, no,' said the little Fly; 'to
ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can
ne'er come down again.'

2.

'I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?' said the Spider
to the Fly:
'There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets
are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!'
'Oh, no, no,' said the little Fly, 'for I've often
heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed.'

3.

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: 'Dear friend, what can I do
To shew the warm affection I have always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice,
I'm sure you're very welcome, will you please to take a slice?'
'Oh, no, no,' said the little Fly, 'kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.'

4.

'Sweet creature!' said the Spider, 'you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself.'
'I thank you, gentle sir,' she said, 'for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day.'

[*Write from dictation the third verse.*]

WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED.

One day the bear met the fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

'Where did you get these?' asked the bear.

'Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing, and caught them,' said the fox.

So the bear had a mind to learn to fish too, and bade the fox tell him how he was to set about it.

'Oh, it is an easy craft for you,' answered the fox, 'and soon learned. You have only to go upon the ice, and cut a hole, and stick your tail into it; and then you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You are not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that is when the fish bite. The longer you hold it, the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it with a cross pull sideways, and with a strong pull too.'

So, the bear did as the fox had said, and held his tail a long, long time down the hole, till it was

fast frozen in. Then he pulled it out with a cross pull, and it snapped short off. That is why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail this very day.

[*Write from dictation*]

The bear was deceived by the sly fox, and so he lost his tail in the ice. When a fox and a bear meet, we know which will have the best of it.

THE POND AND THE SILLY CHICK.

[*Spell and write*]

determined, assembly, discuss, ignorant, remarkably, retreat, subjects, rehearse, exactly, listened, perceived, struggled, gestures, obedience, enforcing, frequently, discerning, discoursing.

1.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

2.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To sport 'mid the green water-weeds that grew there;
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,
To discuss their affairs, in this pleasant retreat.

3.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I am sorry I cannot exactly rehearse;
For though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

4.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now turning tail upward, now diving below;
She thought, of all things she should like to do so.

5.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly:
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

6.

'My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught I can see,
As good as the duck's are for swimming,' said she:
'Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

7.

'Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck!
For,' said she (spite of all that her mother had taught her),
'I 'm really remarkably fond of the water.'

8.

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true:
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

9.

But now, 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled, the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
Her wings fluttered feebly, she chirped low, and died.

10.

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave gestures and looks in discoursing,
Obedience to parents were plainly enforcing.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

AFFECTION OF THE EAGLE.

[*Spell and write*]

sagacity, affection, terrible, luckily, directing, patience, opinion, disappear, strikingly.

'However much we may differ as to the sagacity of the eagle,' said Uncle Thomas, 'there can be but one opinion as to its affection for its young, and the valour with which it defends them. Ebel, in his work on Switzerland, relates a story of a hunter in that country, which proves this fact very strikingly. Having found a nest belonging to one of these terrible birds, and having killed the male, the hunter, by name Joseph Schoren, crept along the jut of a rock, his feet bare the better to keep himself firm, in the hope of catching the young ones. He raised his arm, and had already his hand upon

the nest, when the female, pouncing on him fro above, struck her talons through his arm, and h beak into his loins. The hunter, whom the smalle movement would have hurled to the bottom, lost n his presence of mind, but remained firm, resting h fowling-piece, which luckily he held in his le hand, against the rock, and with his foot directi it full on the bird, touched the trigger, and she f dead. He brought away the eagles, but the woun which he had received confined him for sever months.

'M. Ebel adds, that these hunters are men whom the savages of America might learn lesso of patience and courage in the midst of danger a want. The greater number of them come to a sa end. They disappear, and their torn remains, whi are now and then found, alone tell their fate.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The patience of many hunters is as great as the sagacity a affection of the birds and beasts they hunt. Terrible som times is the fate of both.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

[*Spell and write*]

genial, saintly, covered, desolate, whitened, distressed.

1.

The snow is over all the earth,
But here within, the fire burns bright;
And we are sitting round the hearth,
So snug this winter night.

2.

The fire-light casts a ruddy glare
Where granny in the corner sits,
And tells us from her elbow-chair,
Old stories as she knits.

3.

And father mends the garden-net,
Against the pleasant summer days;
While at his feet old Rover set,
Is basking in the blaze.

4.

At mother's side my stool I 've put,
As hard her needle-work she plies,
Still rocking with her idle foot
The cot where baby lies.

5.

And brother, with his fingers long,
Makes figures on the whitened wall;
And sister sings her sweetest song:
How happy are we all!

6.

Perhaps, while we are here at rest,
There 's some one struggling through the snow,
Upon whose scantly covered breast
The bitter wind doth blow.

7.

Perhaps, while in our glowing grate
The cheerful blaze is rising higher,
There 's some one sitting desolate
Without a spark of fire.

8.

Oh, what are we that God has blest
Our winter homes, and made them glad!
While other hearts are sore distressed,
While other homes are sad.

9.

We thank Him for this genial glow,
We praise Him for this pleasant light;
May He have mercy on their woe,
Who feel the cold to-night!

THE BOY OF DUNDEE.

[*Spell and write*]

maintain, distressed, manufactory, comfortable, obliged.

A poor widow used to spin and work very hard, in order that she might maintain herself and her little son. She could not read, but she wished her son should learn, and she sent him to school. As he took pains, he learned to read very well.

When he was about twelve years of age, his mother had a severe illness, and lost the use of her limbs; so she was obliged to lie in bed all day long, and could not spin or work any more.

As she had not been able to save any money, she could not hire anybody to clean her house, or to work for her, and she was very much distressed. A poor woman who was her neighbour used sometimes to call in to assist her, and to do little jobs for her,

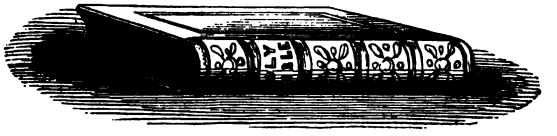
but her son was her great comfort. He said within himself: 'I will not let my mother die for want; I will work for her; I will maintain her. God, I hope, will bless me, and prosper my work.'

He went to a manufactory that was in the town where he lived, and got some work. Every day he went to the manufactory, and worked hard; harder than if he had worked for himself alone; and at the end of the week he brought his wages to his poor mother. Before he went in the morning, he always cleaned the room for his mother, and got their breakfast ready, and did all he could to make her comfortable while he was absent.

This good boy thought if his mother could read she could amuse and employ herself when he was not with her; so he took a great deal of pains, and taught her to read. And when she had learned, she was highly delighted. 'Now,' said she, 'I am very happy. I am indeed confined to my bed, and I cannot work; but I can read the Bible, and that is a great comfort to me; and I have one of the best and kindest of sons.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The poor old woman was much distressed, and unable to maintain herself; but her son, who worked at a manufactory, took care of her, and made her comfortable.



ARITHMETICAL STANDARD.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. Suppose there were 1 million houses in Lo
8 hundred and 5 thousand in Pekin, and 7 hundre
59 thousand in New York, how many would the
in the three cities taken together?

2. If there are three hundred and ninety tho
people in Manchester, and if two hundred and 5 tho
six hundred and 3 are children, how many are grown

3. If Queen Victoria was born in 1819, what i
present age?

4. If there are 53 children in this school, and I
318 apples to distribute among them, how many will
have?

MONEY.

4	farthings	make one penny.
12	pence	" one shilling.
20	shillings	" one pound or sovereig

TIME.

60	seconds	make one minute.
60	minutes	" one hour.
24	hours	" one day.
7	days	" one week.
4	weeks	" one lunar month.
365	days	" one year.

There are 12 *calendar months in a year, or* 13 *l months and one day.*

THE STORY OF MERRYMIND.

[*Spell and write*]

wonderful, good-natured, repairing, inquiring, resolved.

Once upon a time, there lived in the north country a poor man and his wife, who had two cornfields, three cows, five sheep, and thirteen children. When the thirteenth child was born, the poor man and his wife could think of no other name, so they called him Merrymind, which the neighbours thought a very strange name. The thirteen children grew taller and stronger every year, and they had hard work to keep themselves all in bread.

Now, when the youngest was old enough to look after his father's sheep, a great fair was held, to which every one went, because it came only once in seven years. The poor man could afford little to spend in fairings, but he opened his leathern bag, and gave every one of the thirteen a silver penny. The boys and girls had never before owned so much pocket-money, and before evening, each of them bought something, except Merrymind, who had set his heart on a fiddle, but could not find one to be bought for so small a sum as a silver penny. His father and mother warned him to make haste, for they must all go home at sunset, because the way was long.

There was a mossy hollow in the hillside, and Merrymind thought he would see what might be there. The first thing was a stall kept by

a young merchant, but hard by sat a little gray-haired man, at whom everybody had laughed all day, because he had nothing on his stall but one dingy old fiddle, and all its strings were broken. Nevertheless, the little man sat quite stately and cried, 'Fiddles to sell!' as if he had the best stall in the fair.

'Buy a fiddle?' he said to Merrymind. 'You shall have it cheap; I ask but a single penny for it, and if the strings were mended, its like would not be in the north country.'

Merrymind thought this a great bargain. He could mend the strings while minding the sheep, so down went the silver penny, and up went the fiddle under Merrymind's arm.

'Now,' said the little man, 'if you help me to bundle up my stall, I will tell you a wonderful piece of news about that fiddle.'

Merrymind was good-natured, so he helped him, and then the little man said: 'About that fiddle, my young master, it is certain the strings can never be mended except by threads from the night-spinners, which, if you get, it will be a good pennyworth,' and up the hill he ran.

Merrymind thought the little man was only jesting, and made haste to join the rest of the family. But when he shewed his fiddle, every one threw scorn at his bargain except his mother. The good woman said if he had laid out one penny ill, he might lay out the next better. Merrymind fell to repairing his strings, but, true to the little

s words, no string would hold on that
e.
errymind tried everything. At last he thought
quiring after people who spun at night, and
seemed such a good joke to the north-
try people, that they wanted no other till
ext fair.

the meantime, Merrymind lost credit at
e and abroad; and as nobody cared for him
his mother, and as she had twelve other
ren, he resolved to go and seek his fortune.
family were not sorry to hear it; his father
him a barley-cake, and his mother her
ing. So Merrymind set out one summer
ing with the fiddle under his arm.

[*Write from dictation*]

e good-natured little boy resolved to go and seek his
e, taking his wonderful fiddle with him, in the hope of
ing it. In another lesson, you will learn what happened
n.

THE LARK.

[*Spell and write*]

glorious, mountain, ploughman.

1.

I hear a pretty bird, but, hark!
I cannot see it anywhere;
Oh! it is a little lark
Singing in the morning air.
'Little lark, do tell me why
You are singing in the sky?

2.

'Other little birds at rest
Have not yet begun to sing,
Every one is in its nest
With its head beneath its wing;
Little lark, then tell me why
You sing so early in the sky?

3.

'You look no bigger than a bee,
In the middle of the blue;
Up above the poplar-tree,
I can hardly look at you;
Little lark, do tell me why
You are mounted up so high?'

4.

''Tis to watch the silver star
Sinking slowly in the skies;
And beyond the mountain far
To see the glorious sun arise;
Little lady, this is why
I am mounted up so high.

5.

''Tis to sing a merry song,
To the pleasant morning light;
Why linger in my nest so long
When the sun is shining bright?
Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky

6.

'To the little birds below
Here I sing a merry tune,
And I let the ploughman know
He must come to labour soon;
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky.'

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

THE STORY OF MERRYMIND—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

vagabond, carried, pannier, deserted, article, furniture, laughter, busy, questions.

There were no highways then in the north country, so Merrymind went up a hill and scrambled down on the other side till he came to a narrow glen, overgrown with furze and bramble. Merrymind passed on in spite of them, till he came to where two paths met; and, weary with his journey, he stood thinking which path to choose, when there came an old man as tall as any three men. His white hair and beard hung like tangled flax about him, and on his back he carried a heavy burden of dirt in a great pannier.

'Listen to me, you lazy vagabond,' he said to Merrymind; 'if you choose this path, you must help me with my pannier.'

'Well, father,' said Merrymind, 'you seem tired, so I will choose this way, and help you.'

Scarcely had he spoken, when the huge man caught hold of him, firmly bound one side of

the pannier to his shoulders, and never ceased scolding him and calling him names. It was a rough way, and a heavy burden, but there was no getting off; so, in hopes of putting him in better humour, he began to sing. The old man ceased scolding, and by a glimmer of moonlight, Merrymind saw they were close by a deserted cottage. Here the old man paused, and loosed the rope.

'Where will you sleep,' he said; 'by my fire, or in that old cottage?'

Merrymind thought he had got quite enough of the old man, and therefore answered: 'The cottage, good father, if you please.'

'A sound sleep to you, then!' said the old man, and off he went.

Merrymind stepped in. The hearth looked as if there had not been a fire for years. A single article of furniture was not to be seen, but Merrymind was sore and weary, and laying himself down, fell fast asleep. All through his sleep there came a sweet sound of singing voices, and spinning-wheels, and Merrymind thought he must have been dreaming when he opened his eyes next morning on the bare house. There was no blue sky, no bright sun to be seen, but Merrymind ate half his barley-cake, and went out to see the valley. It was full of people, and they were all busy in mines, in fields, in mills, in forges. Men, women, and the very children were hard at work, but Merrymind could hear

neither talk nor laughter among them; every face looked careworn and cheerless, and every word was something about work or gain.

Merrymind thought this foolish, for every one seemed rich. Rich things were to be seen in every house, but their owners took neither ease nor pleasure. The birds of that valley did not sing—they were too busy; the cats did not lie by the fire—they were all on the watch for mice; the dogs went out after hares on their own account; and the cattle and sheep grazed as if they were never to get another mouthful.

In the midst of the valley stood a stately castle, and in the highest tower sat a noble lady. Her dress was dingy, her hair iron-gray, her look sour and gloomy. Round her sat twelve maidens spinning, and the lady spun as hard as they. No one in or out of the castle would reply to Merrymind's questions. The rich men pulled out their purses, saying: 'Come and work for wages.' The poor men said: 'We have no time to talk;' and a child by a cottage-door said it must go to work. All day, the great old man went marching round and round the valley with his burden of dust.

'It is the dreariest valley I ever beheld,' said Merrymind to himself.

[*Write from dictation*]

He carried the pannier for the old man, though he called him a lazy vagabond, and at night he slept in a deserted cottage, where there was not an article of furniture. At last he reached the valley, where there was no play and no laughter.

THE STORY OF MERRYMIND—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

wandered, pastime, soldier, departed.

By this time night came on. The people began to hurry home. Near the deserted cottage Merrymind met the old man.

'Good father,' he said, 'I pray you tell me what sport or pastime have the people of this valley?'

'Sport and pastime!' cried the old man in great wrath, 'we work by day and sleep by night. There is no sport in Dame Dreary Land,' and with a hearty scolding he left him.

That night the boy was sure there had been singing and spinning near him all night, and resolving to find out what it meant, he ate the other half of the barley-cake, and went out again.

The same mist shut out sun and sky—the same hard work went forward. Merrymind could find no one to answer a single question, and he wandered away to the furthest end of the valley. Here there was no outlet but through a great iron gate. Close by it stood a tall soldier with one arm, smoking a pipe; and Merrymind began talking to him, and learned that being once in the valley, he could never leave it again.

'That is bad news,' said Merrymind; 'but please tell me the story of this valley.'

'I will,' said the soldier. 'This valley belongs to the lady of yonder castle, Dame Dreary. In her youth, they called her Lady Little Care, and then the valley was the fairest spot in all the north country.

The sun shone brightest there ; the fairies danced on the hill-tops ; singing-birds sat on all the trees ; the giant kept the pine-forest, and hewed logs when he was not sleeping in the sun. Two fair maidens came by night and spun golden threads by the hearth of every cottage. The people wore home-spun, and drank out of horn ; but they had merry times. There were May-games, harvest-homes, and Christmas cheer among them. Shepherds piped on the hillside, reapers sang in the fields, and laughter came with the red firelight out of every home in the evening. All that was changed, nobody knows how. Some say because of a ring which fell from the lady's finger. However it was, the lady turned Dame Dreary. Hard work and hard times overspread the valley. The mist came down, the fairies departed, the giant grew old, and the night-spinners were seen no more in any man's dwelling. They say it will be so till Dame Dreary lays down her spindle and dances ; but all the fiddlers of the north country have tried their merriest tunes to no purpose. The king is a wise prince, but he cannot change the order of Dame Dreary's Land. I cannot tell you what great rewards he offered to any who could do it ; but, lest the fashion might spread among his people, he made a law at last, that any one who entered the valley should not leave it.'

[*Write from dictation*]

'Sport and pastime !' cried the old man, in great wrath, 'we work by day and sleep by night. There is no sport in Dame Dreary's Land !'

THE STORY OF MERRYMIND—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

desolate, courage, fastened, promoted, monarch, bestowed.

That night when Merrymind went to the cottage, by the fireless hearth sat two fair maidens, all in white, spinning on silver wheels, and singing together a pleasant tune, like the larks on a May morning. Merrymind could have listened all night, but he bethought him that these must be the night-spinners whose threads would mend his fiddle; so, stepping in with good courage, he said:

'Good ladies, I pray you give a poor boy a thread to mend his fiddle-strings.'

'For seven times seven years,' said the fair maidens, 'have we spun by night in this desolate cottage, and no mortal has seen or spoken to us. Go and gather sticks all through the valley to make a fire for us on this cold hearth, and each of us will give you a thread for your pains.'

Merrymind took his fiddle, and went through the valley gathering sticks by moonlight; but so careful were the people of Dame Dreary's Land, that scarce a stick could be found, and the moon was gone, and the misty day had come, before he was able to return with a small fagot. The cottage-door was still open; the fair maidens and their silver wheels were gone, but on the floor lay two long threads of gold.

Merrymind first heaped up his fagot on the hearth, and next took up the golden threads to

mend his fiddle. No sooner were the strings fastened with these golden threads, than they became firm. The old dingy fiddle now begun to shine and glisten, and at length it was golden also. This sight made Merrymind so joyful, that he tried to play. Scarce had his bow touched the strings, when they began to play of themselves the same pleasant tune which the night-spinners sang together.

'Some of the workers will stop for the sake of this merry tune,' said Merrymind, and he went out into the valley. The music filled the air, the busy people heard it, and never was such a day seen in Dame Dreary's Land. The men paused in their delving, the women stopped their scrubbing, the little children dropped their work, and every one stood still in his place while Merrymind and his fiddle passed on. When he came to the castle, it was the same, and Dame Dreary's distaff stood still in her hand.

Merrymind played through the halls, and up the tower-stairs. As he came near, the dame cast down her distaff, and danced with all her might. All her maidens did the like, and as they danced, she grew young again. The sourness passed from her looks, and the grayness from her hair. They brought her the dress she used to wear in her youth, and she was no longer Dame Dreary, but the Lady Little Care, with golden hair, laughing eyes, and cheeks like summer roses.

Then a sound of merry-making came up from the

whole valley. The mist rolled away; the sun shone out; the blue sky was seen; a white bird came from the east with a golden ring, and put it on the lady's finger; the giant broke his rope, tossed the pannier from his shoulder, and lay down to sleep in the sun. That night the fairies danced on the hill-top, and the night-spinners were seen by every hearth. Everybody praised Merrymind and his fiddle; and when the news came to the king's ears, he ordered the iron gate to be taken away, made the soldier a free man, and promoted Merrymind to be his first fiddler, which, under that wise monarch, was the highest post in the kingdom.

As soon as Merrymind's family and neighbours heard all this, they thought music must be a good thing, and man, woman, and child, took to fiddling. It is said that none of them ever learned to play a single tune except Merrymind's mother, on whom her son bestowed great presents.

[*Write from dictation*]

He saw fair maidens spinning in the moonlight in the deserted cottage in the valley, and taking courage, asked their aid. They told him the secret of his fiddle; and the people and the monarch blessed him ever after.

STEALING.

[*Spell and write*]

treasure, pleasure, humble, Christian.

1.

On the goods that are not thine,
Little Christian, lay no finger;
Round thy neighbour's better things
Let no wistful glances linger.

2.

Pilfer not the smallest thing;
Touch it not, howe'er you need it;
Though the owner have enough—
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

3.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure
Better than ill-gotten wealth—
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

4.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly use what God has given,
With clean hand and humble heart,
Passing through the world to Heaven.

[*Write from dictation the first verse.*]

STORY OF A STORK.

[*Spell and write*]

affectionate, attentive, remaining, attempts, position, perished.

Young storks have often been observed to lavish the most affectionate and constant care on their aged and infirm parents, when they were no longer able to seek food for themselves; and so kind and attentive are they to their young, that both parents never leave the nest at the same time, one of them always remaining to watch over it during the other's absence, and steadily keeping its eyes all the while fixed on its little charge. A great many years ago, a fire broke out in a house in Holland, on which was built a stork's nest, containing a brood of young nestlings unable to fly. On the mother returning laden

with food, she saw the danger which threatened her offspring, and made several attempts to save them; but finding all her efforts in vain, she at length spread her wings over the nest to protect them, and in that position perished with them in the flames!

[*Write from dictation*]

The affectionate stork, attentive to its young, having in vain attempted to save them from the flames, perished with them, seated on the nest.

INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

[*Spell and write*]

husbandman, equally, difference, admired, condition, proportion, industrious, neglected, jealousy, recover, advantage.

A rich husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he planted, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple-trees, of equal size, which he cultivated with care, and which grew so equally, that no person could see the least difference between them. When his children were capable of handling garden-tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said: 'My dear children, I give you these trees; you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as

much by your care as they will decline by your carelessness, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour.

The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bend. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

His brother, Moses, did not act in this way; he spent a great deal of time playing with such other boys as he could meet with, as idly inclined as himself; and neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till, one day in autumn, he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that, had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely anything except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves. Full of ill-humour and jealousy, he ran to his father, and complained that his tree was not nearly so good as his brother's. 'It is as dry,' he said, 'as a broomstick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother's is a great

deal better: bid him, at least, share his apples with me.'

'Share with you!' said his father; 'so the industrious must lose his labour to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot; it is the effect of your carelessness, and do not think to accuse me, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours when in blossom. As I do not choose to let anything which God has given me to go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands before it can recover itself; and, from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear, are his. You may, if you will, go and look for another, and rear it, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that, too, shall be given to your brother, for helping me in my labour.'

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it. He was now never out of humour with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully

to work: and, in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage—of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit; and at the same time of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

[*Write from dictation*]

The industrious and the idle boys admired the condition of their trees in the spring, and in autumn wondered at the difference. The one tree had been cared for, the other neglected, and they bore fruit in proportion to the care spent on them.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

[*Spell and write*]

ascending, contending, recorded, success, rewarded, despairing, defeated, persevering, succeeding, pursuing.

1.

Now to Heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right;
Be our zeal in Heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

2.

Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated;
God speed the right.

3.

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in Heaven's time succeeding—
God speed the right.

4.

Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause—whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right.

[*Write from dictation the last verse.*]

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

[*Spell and write*]

cowering, creature, carriages, misery, savoury, shivering, projected, polished, vanished, transparent, delicious, radiant, splendour, appeared, expired, remained.

It was dreadfully cold, it snowed, and was getting quite dark, for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year.

Amid the cold and the darkness, a little girl with bare head and naked feet was roaming through the streets. It is true she had on a

pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use, for they were very large; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street, to avoid two carriages that were driving at a fearful rate. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own.

So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet, that were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day, and nobody had even given her a penny.

She crept along, shivering with cold and hunger, a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing!

The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not.

Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savoury smell of roast goose; for it was St Sylvester's evening. And this she did heed.

She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet

she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not bring back a penny.

Her father would certainly beat her, and it was cold enough at home besides—for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold.

Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

So at last she drew one out. Whisht! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it—truly, it was a wonderful little light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so blessedly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when, lo! the flame expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half-burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it shone upon the wall, the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room.

A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner-service, while a roast goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savoury fumes. And

what was more delightful still, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground with a knife and fork in its breast up to the poor girl!

The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit another match.

She now sat under the most beautiful Christmas-tree, that was larger and more finely decked than even the one she had seen through the glass-door at the rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures seemed to be looking down upon her. The match then went out.

The Christmas-lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire.

'Somebody is now dying,' thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her, that when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all round; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving.

'Grandmother,' cried the little one, 'oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out; you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine large Christmas-tree!'

And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her old grandmother fast.

And the matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday; her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; for it was to the land of the blessed that they had flown.

But in the cold dawn the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth: she had been frozen on the last night of the old year.

The new-year's sun shone upon the little corpse.

The child sat in the stiffness of death, still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned.

People said: 'She tried to warm herself.'

Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendour she had entered upon the joys of the new year together with her grandmother.

[*Write from dictation*]

The poor little match-girl, a perfect picture of misery, crept along shivering, and the light of a match was all she had to serve as a warm polished stove. The savoury fumes of delicious food, coming from a room radiant with Christmas splendour, were not for her.

OLD WORLD STORIES.

MIDAS, OR THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

[*Spell and write*]

valued, unreasonable, particularly, treasure, suddenly, consider, discontented, curiosity, perfectly, anxious, disappointed, regretting, reflected, flexibility.

Once upon a time there lived a very rich man, and he was a king besides, whose name was Midas. This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that metal. At length—as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser—Midas had got to be so very unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary room underground at the bottom of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole, for it was little better than a dungeon, Midas betook himself whenever he wished to be particularly happy. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag, and whisper to himself: 'O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!' Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold, and looking

suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face. The stranger gazed about the room upon all the golden objects that were there, and then he turned again to Midas.

'You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!' he observed. 'I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contains so much gold as this room.'

'I have done pretty well—pretty well,' answered Midas in a discontented tone. 'But, after all, it is but a trifle when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, one might have time to grow rich!'

'What!' exclaimed the stranger; 'then you are not content?'

Midas shook his head.

'And pray, what would satisfy you?' asked the stranger. 'Merely for the curiosity of the thing I should be glad to know.'

Midas paused and thought. At last a bright idea struck him.

'Well, Midas,' said the stranger, 'tell me your wish.'

'It is only this,' replied Midas; 'I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!'

'The Golden Touch!' exclaimed he. 'But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?'

'How could it fail?' said Midas.

'And will you never regret having it?'

'What could induce me?' asked Midas. 'I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy.'

'Be it as you wish, then,' replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. 'To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.'

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. At anyrate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise, so he laid his finger on various things, but was sadly disappointed to perceive that they remained the same substance as before. He lay in a very sad mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a strange way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his delight when he found that the linen had been changed to what seemed a woven web of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up in a kind of joyful madness, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became at once a golden pillar.

He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear view of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold! He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was overjoyed to see himself in a fine suit of gold-cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight!

[*Write from dictation*]

Gold is too much valued by many unreasonable people. The discontented are always disappointed, regretting the past, and particularly anxious about the future.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

exalted, precious, appetite, splendour, differently, treasure, supplied, delicate, desirable, bestowed, continued, answered, valuable, seriously, recovered.

Now, King Midas was so exalted by his good-fortune that the palace seemed too small to contain him. He therefore went out into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush until every flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was

completed, King Midas was called to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him a good appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

Midas poured out a cup of wine, and, as a matter of course, the cup was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather a high style of splendour in a king of his simple habits to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe.

Amid these thoughts, he was surprised to find that the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump!

'Ha!' exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

He helped himself to food, but the moment he touched it, it became hardened to a lump of gold.

'Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!' he cried. 'I shall starve in the midst of wealth!'

And truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a sad case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king; and its very richness made it good for nothing. The poorest labourer sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

These thoughts so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, wealth is

the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable.

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his satisfied desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world.

While he was in this state of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking, for he saw the same figure which appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him the power of the Golden Touch.

'Well, friend Midas,' said the stranger, 'pray, how do you get on with the Golden Touch?'

Midas shook his head.

'I am very unhappy,' said he.

'Very unhappy; indeed!' exclaimed the stranger. 'And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?'

'Gold is not everything,' answered Midas.

'Ah, so you have found out something since yesterday!' observed the stranger. 'Let us see then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?'

'Oh, blessed water!' exclaimed Midas. 'It will never moisten my parched throat again!'

'The Golden Touch,' continued the stranger, 'or a crust of bread?'

'A piece of bread,' answered Midas, 'is worth all the gold on earth!'

'You are wiser than you were, King Midas!' said the stranger, looking seriously at him. 'Your own heart, I see, has not been quite changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case indeed would be hopeless. But you appear to be still able to understand, that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?'

'It is hateful to me,' replied Midas.

'Go, then,' said the stranger, 'and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness, it may repair the mischief which your avarice has caused.'

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the stranger was gone.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher—but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it—and hastening to the river-side. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in. Then, as he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He felt also a change within

himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. Seeing a violet that grew on the banks of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water.

When he had sprinkled everything his touch had changed to gold, and it had become as it was before, he went into the garden, where he threw the rest of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect, that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

And so ends the story of King Midas and the Golden Touch.

[*Write from dictation*]

The king was in a difficulty. He felt that to be able to satisfy his appetite, was more desirable than the most precious treasure. The power bestowed at first exalted and afterwards seriously troubled him.

PRAYER.

1.

Wake, little child, the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool;
But pause awhile and kneel to pray
Before you go to merry play—
Before you go to school.

2.

Kneel down and speak the holy words;
God loves your simple prayer,
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleatings of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

3.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dew-drops wet the sod;
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God.

4.

Because you need Him day and night
To shield you with His arm,
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

[*Write from dictation these verses.*]

ARITHMETICAL STANDARD.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. How many years has this century still to run?

2. Thomas Hodge has six children, and there are three years between each—how old is the eldest, the youngest being two years old?

3. How many years, and months, and days have passed since the battle of Waterloo, fought on the 18th June 1815?

4. If there are 2,800,000 people in London, and 160,000 in Edinburgh, what is the difference?

5. There are 1260 people in this parish; one-half of them are women, and one-fourth are men—how many children are there?

COMMON WEIGHTS.

16 drams make one ounce.
16 ounces " " pound.
14 pounds " " stone.
28 pounds " " quarter.
4 quarters " " hundredweight.
20 hundredweight make one ton.

LENGTH MEASURES.

4 inches make one hand.
12 inches " " foot.
3 feet " " yard.
6 feet " " fathom.

LENGTH OF MONTHS.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath 28 days clear,
But 29 in each leap-year.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

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